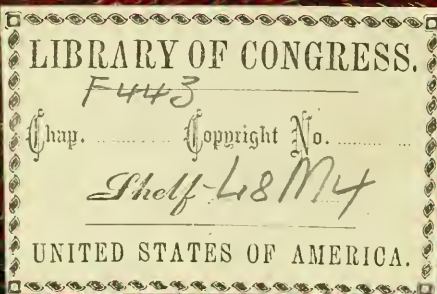


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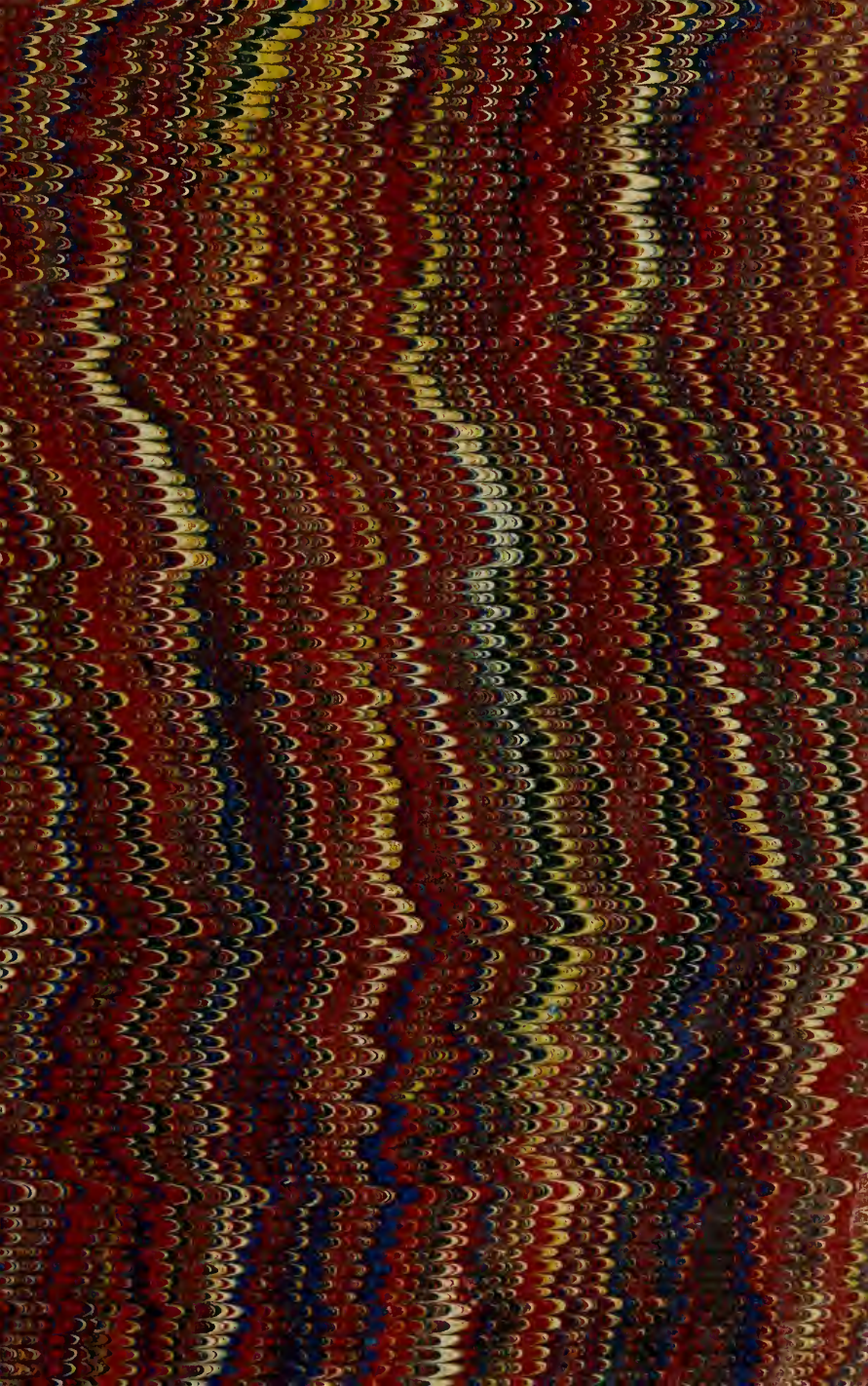
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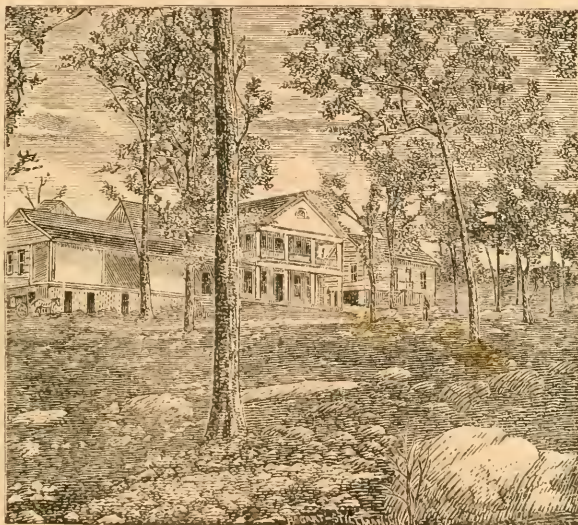




ELIZA ROSS;
OR,
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE
OF
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

By ^{ms.} A. M. MEEKER,

Authoress of "Kernwood," "Castle Malone," &c.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Atlanta, Georgia:

FRANKLIN STEAM PRINTING HOUSE—J. J. TOON, PROPRIETOR.

1870.

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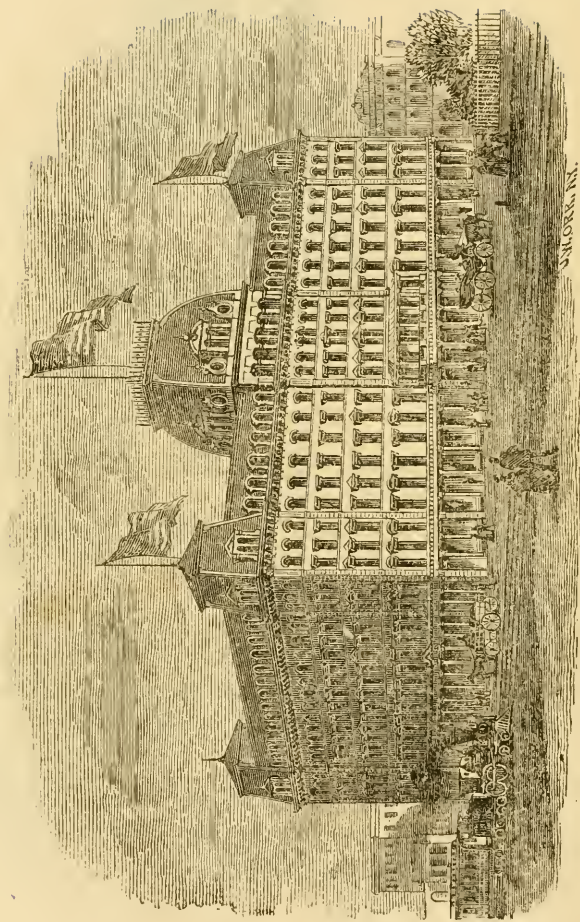
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WITH MUCH RESPECT, WE INSCRIBE

This Little Book

TO

H. J. Kimball, Esq.,

FOR HIS ENERGY AND KINDNESS OF HEART IN COMING TO US

TO

ASSIST THE PHOENIX TO RISE FROM ITS ASHES

IN OUR

Loved Home.

E443

ELIZA ROSS;

OR,

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Brief chapter in the long and ghastly tale,
The epic muse will pen in lines of blood,
Of squandered lives from Tennessee vale
To Mississippi's grand and glossy flood.

In attempting to describe the sublime grandeur of this mountain, whose majestic old brow is crowned with laurels that *no* human hand can wither by its ruthless touch, we feel how truly insignificant we are. As Solomon, in his dedication of the Temple, exclaimed in solemn reverence, "Shall I ask God to come and dwell in a place so small as this, when all the earth cannot contain him?" so may we say, shall we attempt to describe this gigantic piece of His workmanship, and do it justice? No! no more than could the artist, whose name is upon the immortal roll of fame, tint his brush in the glowing hues of the sunset dyes in the horizon above this huge structure of nature, adorned with all that beauty which pleases the eye and enraptures the soul. And now, kind reader, let your fancy follow us to the translucent waters of the Tennessee river, in the beautiful State of that name, and refresh your heart upon its loveliness. In one broad, silvery expanse, it reflects, by day, the golden sun like a chariot of fire, and by night, it mirrors the dimple gems that stud her sable banners. Onward rolls the majestic waters, presenting views at once variegated, awful, grand and sublime!

At the foot of GREAT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN commences a series of rapids, where, in its tortuous windings along the base of several mountain ranges, the Tennessee river, contracted into a narrow channel, hemmed in by projecting cliffs and towering precipices of solid stone, dashes with tumultuous violence from shore to shore, creating in its rapid descent over immense boulders and masses of rock, a succession of cataracts and vortices beautiful and interesting in the

extreme to the wrapt beholder. Once, these rapids constituted a formidable obstacle to navigation. Civilization, skill and long experience have greatly diminished these obstacles to commerce; yet it is not entirely overcome by the agency of steam. It requires great skill and a stout heart for the navigator to venture through the whirlpool, better known as the Suck. Cherokee tradition is prolific of accidents and disasters to the aborigines. It is told of a large fleet of Indian canoes, filled with warriors of the Uchee tribe, bent upon an invasion of the Shawnees, at the mouth of the Ohio river, were engulfed in this whirlpool. If the river presented such dangerous physical impediments, its environs held those of another character *not* less formidable. Along these foaming rapids, those snowy waves were often dyed with the blood of the bold pioneer. On either side of the river, the shores are wild, elevated, and bold in some places, scarcely leaving room for a path separating the stream from the adjacent mountain, with here and there a cove running back from the river into the heights which surround and frown down upon the sombre solitude, with gloomy silence. In these mountain gorges are fastnesses, dark, forbidding and inaccessible. Their very aspect invited crime, of the most horrid nature, to the wicked Cherokees, whose hands were reeking in the blood of all those who came under them. No human eye could witness, no vigilance stay, no power punish, no force avenge them. They were all-powerful, and retreated into these dreary seclusions, stimulated to aggression, as they furnished a perfect immunity from pursuit and punishment, while as

Now, behind lies the stream,
 Woods bar their way;
 Just between is a mead,
 Clad in rank grass and weed,
 Where fiends, by the path hid,
 Wait for their prey.

Thunders! a fearful crash,
 Close, close at hand,
 Flash many a savage hard by,
 And with a horrid cry,
 Thirty forms, rising nigh,
 Rush on the band.

One by one there they fell,
 Fell as they stood,
 Environed by their foes,
 Slaughtered in the deadly close,
 While wild yells around them rose;
 Fell in their blood.

One by one, fell they, all
On the red sod,
In the night's ebon hall,
By the gray woodland wall,
Darkness their only pall,
Seen but by God.

By the broad Tennessee shore,
Lie their green graves ;
'Neath the low willows stream,
While a sad requiem
Sings the old stream for them,
Murmur its waves.

There yet the whippowill
Chants to the vale,
And in the evening chill,
When all is cool and still,
To the river and the hill,
Tells the sad tale.

Still beneath the cottage roofs,
Is the tale told,
As by fire-light, they
Speak of border frays,
Worthy of minstrel's lay,
And empire bold.

While the surrounding pines
Wave high each head,
And through the rifted boughs
Sadly the night-wind flows,
Breathing a dirge for those
Now with the dead.

Speaking of the wickedness of the Cherokees, Adair says :
“ I have known them to go a thousand miles for the purpose of revenge, in pathless woods, over hills and mountains, through large cane-swamps, full of grape-vines and briars, over broad lakes, rapid rivers, and deep creeks ; all the way endangered by poisonous snakes, if not with a lurking enemy, while, at the same time, they were exposed to the extremes of heat and of cold, to hunger and thirst, to fatigue and other difficulties. Such was their ever-broiling, revengeful temper, and were only happy to get a scalp of the murdered enemy to satisfy the imaginary cravings of some ghastly relative. At this time the mountain was called *Grandfather's Mountain*.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF LOOKOUT AND CHEROKEE.

At the time our narrative opens, this fertile valley was a dense wilderness, where the Cherokees bathed in waters and lounged in the luxuriant shade; where they formed their ambuscade and sung their war-song, upon the banks of the Tennessee. Now, the name of Cherokee is derived from *Cheera-fire*, which is reputed their lower heaven; hence they call their Magi *Cheera-tahge*, men possessed of divine fire. The natives made two divisions of their country, which they term *Ayrate* and *Ottare*, which signifies *low* and *high*. The former is on the head-branches of the beautiful Savannah, whose banks are bordered with the majestic Magnolia, whose waxen petals fill the air with their voluptuous breath, while the long grey moss hangs in mournful folds from its aromatic boughs, as if to conceal the deeds of blood and violence perpetrated beneath their luxuriant shade. The latter are those of the Eastern rivers, mostly of the great Mississippi Valley.

As we have said they were a wicked and blood-thirsty people. But, as in all races, some are and must be good—some one must have a tender spot in their heart, although that heart beats in a savage breast. Such a one was in the bosom of ELIZA ROSS. She was the niece of Old Van, and daughter of the chief, Terapin Ross, and niece of John Ross, whose name was ever honored by white and black. He was a kind, humane man; he did more to ameliorate the condition of the Cherokees than any one else. Where Chattanooga now stands, it was called *Ross' Landing*, in honor of that good Chief, who died in Washington City, in 1866. Old Van lived near Nicajack town. A very wicked, blood-thirsty old fellow, who had become very rich by his plunder and murder; he kept six *negroes*, armed to the teeth—whether he rode or walked, they were by his side. And whenever he saw a man ride a fine horse he was followed by the blacks, brought back to a *cave*, called *Nic-a-jack*, and their plundered, then left to die, if not quite dead, which was usually the case. Oh, that that cave had the eyes of man, to oft behold the horrid scenes enacted within its dark precincts, and the hand to *pen* them *all*! Creation would wonder that the pure crystal stream, which flows from its mouth, would not be crimson, but the many years which this creek has run, has erased the stain from its fair bosom. While the remembrance of it is upon

the pages of history, in black and white, and upon the sacred record of heaven's pages, in characters of blood, surmounted by the dark and devilish deeds of that once great nation. But as we are only to write a guide, we shall not launch into the history of this people, farther than to interest the reader in the objects which surround him, and to beguile the *enui* of the hour, while on the way to this majestic mound, whose sublime eloquence will interest you far more than could the most eloquent pen or speech, even if it were that of a *Demosthenes, Cicero or Homer*. Therefore, we will hasten on to the origin of the name of

LOOKOUT.

OLD VAN used to watch the river for the boats coming down with the bold pioneer, who was seeking a new home in the Western wilds. Day and night he kept a *lookout* for those people, from the *point*; he would say, "run up and lookout, see if any come." When the sentinel saw them he would stretch out his arm, and they would get into their *canoes*, at the foot, (visitors on the point, will discover an exact limb and foot of a female, we have no doubt but that is where Hercules planted his foot, when driven from heaven,) then stop the boats, rob and murder the people. A boat came down with thirty-one persons on board, they were all murdered but one, and he was a fair boy with golden locks and large blue eyes, with a face of great beauty. ELIZA resolved to save this one life, at the risk of her own, (at which point I will tell you the tale, as it will interest you more there than here). Every boat was attacked, but not all of them overcome, but on every occasion some one had to give up the spirit of life in the struggle. Many years had flown by since the day the silvery bosom of the lovely Tennessee had flowed with the blood of the little band of *thirty*, whose bodies sleep beneath its murmur. When a great signal was given, the Indians rushed to their canoes and took their station, as usual, but seeing the great number of boats, (for there were thirteen,) they feared to attack them, and so fled to the shore and secreted themselves in the luxuriant foliage on the *toe*. But they waited, with impatience, for *one lonely boat*, about a mile in the rear of the others; this was the boat of Mr. Young: they had a terrible plague broken out upon it, so they kept far apart from the others. If their hearts were sad by the visitation of Providence, oh, how much more so were they to be shortly, for no sooner had they turned the heel of

the river, separating them from their friends, Old Terapin and his band rushed upon them and slew them, one by one, until sixty more dying victims were added to those already sleeping. Once again the peaceful waters of the Tennessee was to become the winding-sheet of those unfortunate bodies, who had left their happy homes to seek new ones in the dreary wilds of the far West. Old Terapin was elated with his success—the prize was rich, they danced, smoked and sung; bright glared the ghostly flames of death against the high cliff; the valley resounded with their hellish mirth; the raven croaked with fear, while the dim roaring of the cataract was heard above them all—they enjoyed this fiendish feast of blood amid the roar of tempest. A small figure with a pale face came into their midst, with hair afloat upon the gale, and tears glistening in his heavenly eyes, a white blanket was wrapped around his fragile form, with his hand pointing toward the inky heavens, and the vivid lightning adding terror to his livid brow, he exclaims: “Look out, for the vengeance of the great Spirit be upon you for this horrid act. God will surely punish you for this day’s work. *Look out*, I say, for He has an all-seeing eye, and has this night recorded this awful scene in His great book. Now, *look out* for retribution, which will be soon, and no hand can save, and no eye will pity.” He disappeared. A profound silence reigned while this strange speech was made. And, indeed, no more merriment was that night; they took their *plunder* and started for *Sitico*. On their way the lightning struck Old Terapin, ELIZA’s father, and killed him instantly; fear took possession of their cowardly hearts, but they held fast to the booty of the day. In three days hundreds of them were stretched upon the stolen beds and blankets, dying with the *small pox*, which had caused the owners to lose their lives. They died by thousands, and were thrown into a cave where they had left the bones of many victims to bleach in the dark, and to this day can be seen the bones of many of them. That disease did more toward the settlement of the valley than anything else; for from that day *no more look out* was kept for boats; and from that day to this, the mountain has been called Lookout, and one valley also, while the others are named Chattanooga and Wills Valley. Old Van was induced to attend a shooting-match, which was very common with the whites as well as the Indians; he entered a bar room, and was taking his fire-water, when he made the remark, “shut that door or somebody will shoot me.” Ere



SADDLE ROCK.—See page 14.



it was said, the deed was done, and he fell a corpse, shot through the heart. The man who had committed the deed was carried upon the shoulders of the Indians, who hated Old Van, and had long sought his life; thus he met his just deserts in this world and no doubt but in the next.

Chattanooga is the great mart for all the country around, and is destined to be the queen of the surrounding country. At present, it is neither handsome, nor pleasant. The hotels are of the poorest order, and of the highest prices. They will tell you that you cannot get up the mountain but twice a week. *Such is false.* Mr. Richie has two teams every day, twice, up and down. By stepping out of the depot you will see it standing in front. We are happy to inform the traveling public that Mr. Stanton, a most enterprising and amiable gentleman, is building a large, fine hotel (see illustration,) near the new depot of the A. & C. R. R. This will be the finest hotel in the country and is out of *dog bark range*. He is hastening to finish it by the time that the Georgia State Fair comes off, and he will do it. Such men as he, and H. I. Kimball, do what they undertake, do it well and in time. Oh, for a few more of the same sort. We have a rich country, and want men to come into our midst, *like them*, to help open the treasure boxes locked up for the want of enterprise and capital. We want men like those who have *not got the shilling stuck so fast to their nose that they cannot see the dollar beyond it*, but deal with a liberal hand. Such men will be successful. They follow the Saviour's injunction by giving "labor to the poor, and making work in the vineyard;" "they feed the hungry and clothe the naked." Thus they are the "Good Samaritans, and receive their reward." We could not forbear making mention of the above gentlemen as worthy of a far higher compliment than we can pay them. To return to the guide, we will say:

On the passengers arriving at Chattanooga, they will take a hack and proceed up the mountain. As you arrive at the half-way house, you will observe a small cabin and blacksmith shop; this is the early home of "EDNA EARL, the heroine of St. Elmo." A little further on is a large rock on the right of you, with "Red Jacket" painted on it. Beneath this rock sleep two men who fell in battle, led by Gen. Sevier; it is called, by the old citizens, Sturdivant's Rock. This is the spot where St. Elmo and his antagonist fought their duel, and where Old Van dashed out the brains of Mrs. Jennings' five children. Eliza Ross acts Pocahontas, and saves

the life of Mrs. Bean, whose fate was to have been similar to that of the children. Mrs. Jennings being very beautiful, Old Van reserved her for himself, but by the entreaties of Eliza, the mountain flower, she was spared the awful fate. As you are drawn along the smooth road, up this stupendous height, you will see something of interest at every point. On the left of the road is a stone with the impress of a large snake. We would have supposed it to have been a boa-constrictor. A little further on is Bragg's rock. This is historical. This is the spot where Old Van kept a look-out for horses and wagons; when seen, those negroes of his would capture them, then bring them to the spot, murder the men, and cast their bodies into a ravine, between this rock and an adjoining one. This rock has a cave which has never been explored. This is also the spot where Bragg held conference with Hooker in regard to the surrender of the strong-hold. From this point the view is grand. It commands the site of seven States, and the fertile valleys dotted with handsome dwellings; also of the toe of the river, while the whole scene is enlivened by the stock grazing quietly in the sun, or sipping from the refreshing streams that water this paradise of fertility. At the seeming base of this rock is a large alum spring, so strong that you can soon gather a quantity of the crystal. This water is good for many diseases which human flesh is heir to. You will pass the toll gate. As you go through you will observe the handsome highland cottage of Gen. Herron, with its beautiful surroundings. This spot was the home of Mr. George Foster, the oldest inhabitant upon the mountain, who can entertain you with the horrid tales of old. Mr. Foster was the man who got the charter for the mountain road, which is excellent. Guests wishing to visit the rock, from the hotel will go nearly front of the highland cottage, cross a fence, then on to a little bridge of wood, cross that, and you stand upon the spot

Where fame her record keeps.

From the Mountain House you will go toward the toll gate, cross the fence at the same place as before, or, if desired, go through the toll gate; that will lead you to the spring; pass that a short distance until you discover singular holes or cavities—you will observe a path; take that, and when opposite the mouth of the cave, turn to the right and it will conduct you to the ravine spoken of; from there you can ascend to the top easily; if desired, you

can return the same way; follow a narrow path to the left as you come out of the ravine and it will lead you along the crags of the cliffs, through a romantic gorge, to the top; you can then return to your hotel easily. On this open space the Ridge tribe and those of the mountain, played a great game of ball, each party betting all their dogs, ponies, bows, clothes and every thing they had. Thousands of them were there, and the Ridge tribe lost. They took off all their clothing to pay the bets and returned, in a state of nudity, to their camp.

You can see a small stone of singular impress upon the space as you near the rock.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE—BY A. L. RICHIE.

This house is open for the public. Mr. Richie is the prince of caterers. His dining room presents a most inviting appearance, while the white light-rolls, smoking hot, covered with the golden mountain butter, tempt the most vacillating appetite to venture upon them. No sooner tasted than you launch out into the rich and well cooked viands before you, and on rising from the table, exclaim, if one does not eat, it is your own fault, not his. Mrs. Richie is a queen of house-keepers. She is a Nashville lady, and, like them, knows how to dispense hospitality, and make all feel at home. This house has fourteen cottages, one with seven rooms, and most of them have from five to six. A very tasteful garden adjoins the main building. This house has fifteen bed-rooms, ball-room, office, parlor, dining room, billiard and bar-room, with all the usual appendages of a hotel. A fine band discourses its soft floods of music nightly, and those of the fantastic toe can trip to their hearts content, in the cool room, or they can promenade upon the long terrace, or sit in the moonshine and while away the hours. The rooms are cool and comfortable. Two good teams are attached to the house that will carry you to any point upon the mountain, or to Chattanooga. Also, a good ice-house well filled, and a sparkling fountain of soda-water, with delicious syrups.

You can sit and see for miles before you. Dalton is plainly seen. It is a little knob standing by itself directly in front of the hotel. Allatoona mountain, also, while many ranges rise like huge structures to please and enrapture the soul of those who admire the great works of their Maker. Cross to the bluff, turn to the right, go a short distance close to it, and you will observe a flight of steps. Five hundred of them will take you to

"Where the crystal waters flow."

This is the greatest curiosity upon the mountain. It is in the side of the bluff. Nature has formed a reservoir that receives the sparkling nectar, which "Old Jupiter himself might sip," and thank the goddess for the refreshing draught of freestone ale as cold as ice-water. The water has been forced up this tremendous bluff by a wind-mill, made by Ruble & Co., into a large reservoir, on the top of the mountain. This supplies the citizen on the brow. This spring is said to have been discovered by Mrs. Whitesides, who owns a goodly portion of the mountain. She went around the side, and hearing the water fall, climbed a large tree in front of it. She then shouted, "Eureka." But we doubt her being the first, for Messrs. Britton and Reynolds and ourself started from the spring and went around to the point with great difficulty. At one point we had to climb ninety feet on our hands and knees with the water pouring over us. Some places we had to slide down from ten to twelve feet, at others, cross ravines on trees blown across the chasm, at others through crevices, sometimes entering large chambers and coming out upon a projecting cliff, at a frightful height; briars and bushes sometimes so thick as almost to obstruct our progress. Fainter hearts would have despaired of ever getting up or down. At times, it did appear that we had come to an end, but Mr. Britton, who led the little party, was indefatigable, and so were we. To go on amid these impediments, it seemed something like heroism. To feel that we were treading where no white man ever trod before, and it inspired us with courage to proceed along the dangerous pathway. At one time we stood on the side of Roper's rock, twenty-three hundred feet above tide-water, and twenty-five hundred above the valley. Here we sung:

"Guide me, oh, thou great Jehovah,
Over this barren wilderness."

The sound echoed through the empty space between us and the valley with a sweetness that filled our hearts with faith to continue along our perilous journey, stopping only to refresh ourselves with the sylvan waters that came trickling down the grey cheeks of the mountain. We continued on without tiring until we neared the point. Seeing a rugged chance of touching the brow of the mountain, we determined, nothing daunted by previous hardships, to attempt an

ascent. Mr. R. remarked that we would make a big noise if we went down, and to ascertain how much, he started a very large rock that went with a fearful crash, nor did it stop until it reached the bottom of the Tennessee river, taking with it trees and dirt, and crushing the bright flowers in its destructive road to eternal rest. We took breath, and started up with pockets full of pebbles, mosses, &c., which we will show at the Georgia State Fair, at Atlanta, this fall. With a firm setting of our canes, (all tourists should use canes, ladies in particular, for they are a sure support, and you can walk ten miles more a day with one, than without,) we started upon the uncertain ascent with diligence and perseverance, and reached the top in safety. On landing, we looked down to where we had started and gave one exultant shout for our safety. We think that was the Indians' war-trail to the point, but do not think that for years any human foot had been upon the ground where we went, for not a vestige marked the step of man.

Farther down is a well-beaten path that any one can travel. We think that the Indians used this spring, but be that as it may, it is worth the trip to behold it. Cross the platform at the spring, go a short distance, and you will see

SHELTER ROCK.

This is large, with an arched dome. Many rocks lay loose around, like they had been arranged for a council of the old chiefs, but the certainty of that we do not know; we only suppose it to be the case. But we do know that during the late war, about five hundred Confederate soldiers took shelter there, while the Federals were upon the mountain, and during the night, they retreated down safely; and during the battle all of the citizens took refuge there, and were safe from intrusion of any kind. The Rev. Mr. Tennent held the beautiful church service there. Oh, how truly impressive did it appear in that great dome of nature! 'Truly the Temple of the Lord made with His hand! How sublime the scene! How appropriate, as the solemn words were read by that good man, we felt how unworthy we were as anthem after anthem was sung out. The sweet melody was borne along the breeze and the little birds chirped back the response in sweet raptures that filled the soul with new-born joy. The rippling spring sung its never ceasing song and all nature was in harmony with the sacred spot. The sun shone through the leaves casting their lace-work shadows around

the holy scene, while the air was fragrant with the wild flowers on the sides. The day was one long to be remembered by those who participated in the solemn devotions, on the side of this grand old mountain.

On coming up the mountain from the spring, at the foot of the third flight of steps, you will observe a path leading around the side of the mountain, follow that a short distance and you will come to a large *cave*, easy of access. This path leads down the mountain to the road, also, it is called short-cut. Next comes the

PRETTY COTTAGE OF MR. R. M. LINN.

Messrs. Linn & Brother are the artists upon the mountain. All who visit them will find them polite and courteous, and will give you a most excellent picture in a most picturesque style. This house is upon the left as you go to the point. On the right, you will observe a little iron-railing neatly set. This surrounds the grave of Miss Sally Cocke, whose young life was lost by crossing the Catawba river during a freshet in Georgia. She was as lovely as the white lillies that bloom above her lonely grave. 'Twas the spot she loved. The ivy gracefully twines itself around her silent bed like her sweet face and gentle spirit hovers around our memory. The house, close by, is the property of her father, Col. D. F. Cocke, but now nearly in ruins. As you leave the grave from the *gate*, turn to the bluff and you will see

SADDLE ROCK.

Like the vultures, they swoop in clamorous swarm.

This is the Rock that Eliza fled to with the child of the thirty murdered ; she flew to its high point with the child in her arms ; here she declared that she would jump down the sides and dash out her own brains ere the golden locks of the fair-haired boy should be touched ; she told the clamorous savage about her, he was the *Spirit* of the Great Spirit, and had been sent to save the nation, and that she was resolved not to part with him. Oh, how beautiful she must have looked as she stood upon that pinnacle, with her long, luxuriant hair floating around her olive cheek, her dark eyes flashing with a just indignation at her people, whose blood was boiling to end the life of the defenceless child. But her firmness saved him—his name was Brown—his life was spared, and he did become a saviour of the nation, truly. He was the first man to preach Christ and Him crucified to them—he was about

ten years old when taken. The early influence of a pious mother and father, and their untimely death had made a lasting impression upon the *boy-man*. He was kindly nursed and watched by Eliza, her mother and Nancy Ward, another Indian maid of great beauty and power, who belonged to the *Ridge Tribe*, but held equal influence with each party. After Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Jennings came to remain in the camps, they taught Brown and Eliza in all that they knew themselves. They were apt scholars and learned readily. You will now proceed on toward the point; every step you take is upon a

BATTLE FIELD.

Co-existent with glory, co-equal with fame.

We shall not enter into the general details of the battle farther than to mention that which will interest you for a short space. The thundering of General Bragg's artillery boomed upon the broad *crown* of the old hazy mountain. Sharp-shooters stood upon and around the rocks, the trees were filled with them. The day was a long, hard one to those who contested the field. Anxious hearts beat with expectations of the day's result. By the time you read this you will have reached the *summit* of *Lookout*; you will observe a tree of peculiar formation, whose arms are bared of bark, and whose whole appearance is ghostly. This is the

SIGNAL STATION

of Grant Wilkins, Chief of C. S. A. Signals, but now a bridge-builder, and who built the grand iron bridge over Rolling Water, on the Wills Valley side of the mountain, for Memphis and Chattanooga, Nashville and Chattanooga, and Chattanooga and Alameda railroads. Turn short to the left, above the Signal Station, and proceed on in the broad path; this will take you to General Bragg's

MAGAZINE,

and the fortifications around the mountain-top. This position was held during the battle, by Gen'l's Wheeler and Pillow, of the Confederate army. Here Gen. Polk and staff took dinner with Aunt Sally Marbrick, an old Indian; she relates the circumstances with great pleasure. Every step you now take is upon the battle-field. As you wend your way along, you will discover trenches all the way to the point.

MOON RISE FROM ROPER'S ROCK.

There are few scenes of grandeur that can equal this glorious sight. The queen of night slowly ascending her throne, her crescent appearing and casting mellow rays over the valley, lighting up the golden wheat-fields with floods of her beauty, causing them to look like silver-lakes, while the fleecy-clouds cast their shadows over them, reminding us of the "Lady of the Lake" riding in her little barque, while the millions of stars sang together in sweet serenity, and the angels wove wreaths of friendship for those they love, and put them upon the brow of night, and dropped their pitying tear upon the parched lips of the drooping flower. The gorgeous heavens held an endless Sabbath while all creation spread in slumber of the moonlight scene around. So calm and tranquil is the scene that the mildness and impress of the Creator is stamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave of

MR. ROPER,

who fell from this enormous height and was crushed by the great fall—a rib having gone through his heart. He came near taking a lady, who was standing by his side, over with him; had her dress been other than muslin her fate could not have been less than his, *but it tore*, and she was spared the awful doom of him. This young man was an artist in the employ of Mr. Linn. This rock is called, by some, *Signal Rock*, as Gen. Bragg had a station upon it. You will pass this rock nearly opposite the sign of *battle field gallery*, its top is rather white, easily known by that. You can view its height by stepping down a few steps on either side. This is the place *we came up*. Turn to your left and you will return to a narrow path by the sign-board; this leads you to

PULPIT, OR DAVIS' ROCK.

This is where Jefferson Davis addressed the troops when he made his general tour through the South, when Gen. Bragg was in command. Brown, also, preached his first sermon from that pulpit, hence it derived its name. There sat the wild savage, listening to him whose life they sought so hard to destroy; they had learned to love and respect him; his efforts had been blest. A little further on is

TABLE ROCK.

Jefferson Davis, Gen. Bragg and Staff, Gen. "Tige" Anderson and Staff, Gen. Howell Cobb and several others, dined upon this rock. A step farther on, and we were on



POINT LOOKOUT.—OLD VAN. See page 7.



POINT LOOKOUT.

The courier rode in as the noon-hour came,
And told that the foe were advancing at last;
So the camp was aroused with a mingling acclaim,
And the soldier's proud heart was enkindled with flame,
As the squadrons went hurrying past.
But the valley full soon was the valley of blood,
As the musketry rolled, and sabres grew red,
And men lay all dabbled and stained in the wood,
Tho' the soldier's companions intrepidly stood.

This Point was destined to be the scene of dark and bloody acts. On a bright morning when the fields were glistening with the rich harvest, the boom of cannon resounded over the mountain brow. Gen. Walthall's brigade was placed upon this point beneath the rock. You see, this is steep and dangerous. Gen. Hooker made a feint at the foot of the mountain to give General Geary the chance to close in on them, which he did, and captured Gen. Walthall's brigade. But Gen. Bragg was up to them. He sent reinforcements and routed the Federals, three hundred of whom retreated by the ladders to Chattanooga, through Mr. Craven's orchard. The Rebels being mounted could not go down. Another line was formed, in which the Confederates stood three hours without a break. At last, being thoroughly exhausted, they fled up the point and put out sharp-shooters, so none could come up the ladders, or take them away. (Mr. Linn has a crib made of the ladders.) Thus the day was passed, and in the darkness of night, Gen. Hooker drifted sixty boats with men and poontoon-bridges, and took possession of Raccoon Gap, and threw his bridges across at Kelly's Landing—Brown's ferry. Scouts reported this to Gen. Bragg and during the night he retreated into Georgia. Had the Confederates held the Gap the Federals would had to have retreated on account of the great difficulty of procuring supplies. As you stand upon this sublime height, you will find food for the mind to dwell upon. You can step into Mr. Linn's reception rooms and find the finest collection of pictures in any artists' room in the United States. He is polite and obliging and will make an excellent picture of you on this historic and romantic spot. On the following morning General Hooker called for volunteers to go up the ladders. He said the risk was too great to order any one up. Capt. Wilson, of Ky., first volunteered and then five men. He took the flag and led the way, but encountered no difficulty as the mountain had been evacuated. He planted the colors on the point and then went down.

SUNSET ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance, but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over.

And those who rode foremost in the field at morning, where are they now? On the banks of yon Tennessee, there lies a soldier! His life blood is ebbing faster than the tide! Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound shall answer. It was on this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes! It sets upon his grave! This day he led the foremost in the ranks! When they had crossed the foe's dark lines, death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him! He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory! His breast is dented, his clothes are soiled! The scarf upon his breast! she who placed it there would shrink to touch it now! Soldier, what will thy fair one say? She will say that her love died worthily! Aye, rouse thee! for the battle chafes in the distance! Thy friends are shouting! Thy pennon floats on high! Look at yon crimson field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and thy enemies, the dead and dying, the veteran and the stripling of the day, the nameless troops! Friends lie by friends, the steed with his rider, and foes linked in their long embrace, their first and last, the grip of death! Far over the field they, a gorgeous prey to ruin, white plumes and steel bayonets, glistening sabre and sword, crescent and cross, rich uniforms with bright stars! We came to fight as if we had come to a feasting! Glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies! His last glance still seeks the Christian banner! The cry shall never be repeated that cheers on his last charge; oh, but for strength, once more, to reach the field, to see the foe's front! Peace, dreamer, thou hast done well! Thy place in the close rank is filled, and yet another waits for his who holds it! Soldier, hast thou yet a thought? bend it on heaven. The past is gone, the dark future lies before! Gaze on yon gorgeous sky, thy home should lie beyond it! Life, honor, love, they pass to Him that gave them! Pride, that came like an ocean's billow, see around thee, how it lies mute and passive! The wealthy here are poor! The high-born have no prece-

dence! The strong are powerless, the mean content! The fair and lovely have no followers! Soldier, she who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow, but shall it be in vain! Well it is, thou shouldst have died, with all to live for! Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee, bright eyes shall weep for thee! They that live shall envy thee! Death—glory takes out thy sting! The shades of night are drawing on; soldier thine eyes are darkening! A last ray of sun yet lies upon the lofty mountain's brow, even as he sinks. Thy soul shall follow him! See how thy steed feeds beside thee! His dark eye falls mildly on his master, and he pauses. Poor beast, thine instinct sees some wrong, yet knows it not! Browse on, and Heaven who guards its meanest creatures send thee a kind protector! Warrior! aye, the streams of that rill flows cool, but thy lips no mere shall taste it! The moonlight that silvers its white foam shall glitter on thy stars when the eye is closed and dim! Now the night is coming, the mist is gathering in the valley, the fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the gray owl swoops whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness! O, soldier! how sweetly sounds the night-bird's melody, how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine around thee! Neither the song of the bird, nor the fragrant flower shall delight thee more! To thy God we commend thee! Hark to its long note! sweet is that sound to the ear of the spent and routed foe; the victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived; its peal has sounded and his soul has departed. Heath! thou should'st be a soldier's pillow. Moon! let thy cold light this night fall upon him. But morning, thy soft dews must tempt him not, the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps the sleep of honor! His cause was his country's! He is dead! The cross of the Christian soldier is on his breast; his lips are pressed to his lady's token! Soldier, farewell!

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY ON POINT LOOKOUT.

This is always a pleasing sight, but how much more so when in the open air upon a high pinnacle of nature, with the blue canopy of heaven above, and the rippling waters singing their gurgling anthem; the air fragrant with the balmy flowers of spring, while the breeze is melodious with the music of birdling notes perched upon the grand old trees about them. This occurred in May. A handsome couple in

the glow of youth and hope, which invest life with a halo of happiness, appeared there together to openly acknowledge their preference for each other, and voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sincerity of the solemn vows—to think of the endearing connection, the important consequence, the final separation, the smile that kindles to ecstasy at their union, must at length be quenched in tears of mourning, but while life continues, they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the like sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison. This is certainly the most interesting spectacle which social life exhibits. Wm. McFarland and Iza Murry are the party spoken of.

This marriage is not the first upon this stupendous height; here many an Indian maid was given to the Chief, in the following manner, by the old Indian law: “I marry this Indian to this Squaw—by this *tomahawk* and *knife* I make you *man* and *wife*,” here he holds up the weapons spoken of. They then had the usual amount of feasting and amusement.

NOAH'S UMBRELLA.

Whether that gentleman used this or not we cannot say, and whether this mountain is *not Mt. Ararat* we are *not quite certain*. It may have been, as it is lofty, and has the *umbrella* upon its point, and all the trees are topped, whether by the scraping of the Ark or the shell of latter days, or the wind, we cannot tell, as no history furnishes the facts, consequently you can infer what you please, as that is most pleasant. But of this, we are certain, that Eliza used to sit beneath it and fold the orphan boy in her arms, and twine his curls around her finger, while they would rehearse the bloody tragedy of his parents and friends, sleeping beneath the singing-bird, *Tennessee*. She would wipe the tears from his eyes and cheer his little heart with an affectionate word. This is the north side of the point and the *umbrella*. You can wend your way along the cliff until you come to a flight of steps, go down these steps, follow the stepping-stones until you reach two paths, one leads to the right the other the left, the latter to a spring of cool, refreshing water beneath a projecting cliff. Here the artist does a great deal of his work. The former will lead you to the foot of the mountain and the entrance of

LOOKOUT CAVE.

This is a change from fostering sun
To frost-grit-cloud and biting wind,
A waste before you, drear and dim,
And all the lawns behind.

We shall not attempt to describe this *giant cave*. It has been explored as far as seven miles. Many things are told of the grandeur of this wonderful structure, but we have been only about a mile; as we had no company, our courage failed after we had crossed the natural bridge, which crossed a deep and rapid stream that comes over a high fall. A great many chambers, high, large, and in great variety of forms; some with glittering pendants that glistened like diamonds. We found a box of green crome paint, some torches, a silver coin, and some Indian relics. In 1812, saltpeter was made here; later, salt was made. Messrs. John A. Lee and Muddock, of Chattanooga, got lost for seventeen hours in there. They found the bones of a human, *not* scalped, and two bottles of brandy; one appeared to be in the hand of the skeleton; a little was gone out of it, but the other was full; the corks were nearly rotted, and the brandy was like syrup, so thick and rich. Jerry Frier and James Butcher, of Mississippi, also, found two skeletons, side by side, *not scalped*; they found a bottle two-thirds full of whisky, as thick as molasses, which they brought out. No doubt but these men were adventurous persons, desirous of exploring the cave, and had got lost, and laid down and died. It is impossible to learn further of it. We would strongly recommend that a party of explorers be gotten up, and the expedition go on this summer; we have no doubt but a great deal of interest would be brought before the world, as many hidden treasures are securely secreted in its dark precincts. As we cannot record some startling scene of Indian transaction, we will give one or two that came under our own observation. During the war a couple had made great preparations to have a large *wedding* in Chattanooga. Neither time nor expense had been spared to obtain the luxuries that sit upon the table, in the lawn of Col. D. F. Cocke's handsome residence; the bride was from Nashville, and the groom from Louisiana. The beautiful bride had just donned the last ornament of pearls, when bang, bang, bang, rung out from the skirmishers, and soon whiz, whir, zip went shot and shell through the air, going over the table. As quickly as by magic, all was gathered off the table and thrust into a wagon, while the party got into ambulances, carts and wagons, and beat a hasty retreat to *Lookout Cave*. Here they unloaded and spread the tables upon the rocks, lighted up the cave with the candles that was to have lighted the sumptuous parlors of that princely mansion, and the marriage ceremony was performed,

amid the din of battle above them, and the fare eaten in the bowels of the earth. Also, during the battle of Chickamauga, many fled there for safety, and one lady who was sick was borne there on her bed. The darkness and silence of the gloomy place preyed so upon her weak frame that she was carried out in her coffin. Many exiles remained there for some time, and it presented quite the appearance of life. Thus, you will perceive, that a variety of interest is attached to this giant cave. The easiest mode of reaching the cave is to take the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and get off at the mouth.

FROM THE SIGNAL STATION

you will turn to the left, follow a well-beaten path until it branches; you will take the left again; this path is a little indistinct, but not difficult to follow. (It will be made plainer shortly.) In going toward the cliff you will observe a large, flat rock, on which Eliza laid the weary boy, and sat by his side to watch his slumbers, while the wild beasts howled furiously about them. She built a fire to keep off the monsters, while they slept. Thus passed the night. A little further on and you will observe a rock in the shape of a toad; this was disturbed by the soldiers during the war—they made an effort to throw it off the bluff, but only partially removed its romantic position. This is

SUNSET ROCK.

All silvered hang the clouds at set of sun,
Festooning the expansive vault on high.
Like gossamer, which angels may have spun
To decorate their mansions in the sky.

Few greater pleasures elevate my soul,
And thrill it with an ecstasy divine.
Than thus to watch the evening sky unfold
Its myriad beauties like a poet's rhyme.

Each gilded vane, and spire, and house-top glow
Amid the lustre of the King of Day:
And, too, the fields and forests amply show
The grandeur of his luminous decay.

In sweeter symphony the streamlets flow,
The gayety of children seems as light,
And all the little birds do seem to know
That I rejoice to hear them sing "good-night."

The while I watch the clouds fade one by one,
Like animation from the aged eye.
Thought is persuaded by the parting sun,
Thus have I seen the saint of glory die.

Those round his couch have watched the pallid face.
Contracting in the cunning grasp of death ;
Yet oft his joys his spectral ills erase
Till, like the clouds, in heaven melts his breath.

There Eliza and Brown, with Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Jennings, used to sit and see the sun sink to rest ; here they were told the "sweet story of old, how Christ had died for them," and that the setting of the sun was only a small resemblance of the celestial glory beyond the skies—here they learned their first lesson of true faith. How beautiful was that faith ! for, in after years, both Eliza and her protegee stood, like the rock upon Missionary Ridge—which is plainly seen from this point—and told the same story to her tribe, that she, herself, had learned. Oh, reader ! this is one of the most gorgeous scenes upon the mountain. We sat there to see "Old Sol" retire—that king of day slowly drove his fiery chariot along the Western sky, leaving white and fleecy clouds behind his pathway, which flitted around his royal person in a graceful manner as his weary steeds wended their way cheerfully. At last, the door of the royal stable opened, and in he drove, leaving the dome above his royal couch resplendent with gold, purple, azure white and amber, while the green mantle of nature glistened in the varied hues above, and casting no less a variety upon her carpets. The golden wheat glistened with his warm smile ; the birds caroled their sweetest notes ; the rippling streams sung a lullaby to his departing majesty, while the lofty trees, the shrubs and the modest flower nodded him good-night. The river sparkled with delight, the grey and sombre brows of the mountain looked cheerful as the moss bent its little head and folded its tiny leaves for the night ; the chirp of the grasshopper was melodious on the sublime stillness, which is broken by the Nashville and Chattanooga train, whose rumbling sound reminds us to look down the frightful precipice upon which we sat. It looks no larger than a large catawba worm running along, showing how insignificant is the works of man to that of God. At last, his highness sank to rest upon his golden couch. The queen of night drew the purple and amber curtains around his majesty, and he slumbered. When he slept the queen of the crescent sat upon the throne.

Oh, this sight we'd rather see
Than all the gold and gems,
That ere in monarch coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

SUNRISE FROM BRAGG'S ROCK.

Aurora with her dress
Of many colors, finely spun.
"Her locks hung loosely round her face,
And through them gold and gems profusely shone,
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many precious stones
Flashed on her little hand——"

SUNRISE ON LOOKOUT.

Now the rosy fingers of Aurora unlocks the golden doors of the East, and the steeds of Phœbus spring from the deep, diffusing the beams of day, and driving before them the stars of Heaven into the deep.

As she drew the silver curtains of his royal couch aside, and peeped into the canopy where he lay sleeping, she patted his royal cheek, and played amid his golden locks. At last, he opened his eyes and saw the smiling beauty peeping at him with a saucy look. She jumped back. He raised himself a little. She caught his golden crown and clapped it upon her pretty little head, shook her finger at the lazy king and ran off laughing at him. She jumped into his fiery chariot, took the reins of day and drove off. Her scarf floated upon the azure sky, while gold and purple streams of glory shone around her radiant beauty, and silver clouds flitted in her pathway. "Old Sol" determined to catch the rosy beauty, around whom flitted a thousand little cherubs, and cupid's wicked heart was no less interested. This little rogue had his quiver full of darts that he would fire at the impudent lady, while the angels showered her path with fragrant roses that filled the air with their perfumed breath, reviving the nostrils of man who had the courage to shake off sleep and wander to this delightful paradise. She would laugh at the mischievous urchin who could not draw his bow aright. At last, the old king caught the tempting scarf, and winding it around his majesty, he caught the fiery steed and jumped into the royal chariot, took the reins and drove off for the day. As he started upon the road over the mountain, the clouds in the valley began to recede like the waves of the ocean; one after the other ascended, as he drove onward. As they departed, the fertile valley was revealed to our enraptured eye, with its rich fields of golden wheat now glistening in the harvest sheaves, while the reapers sang the song of happy hearts. The little brooks and rivulets danced along; the trees, clothed in the rich verdure of summer, sparkled with

the angels' tears of night, their boughs filled with feathered songsters whose melody could not be excelled, as their silvery notes fell upon our ear. Our hearts swelled in deep reverence to Him who is the Great Engineer and Architect of the world, which He holds in the hollow of His hand. Let him who says there is no God, walk upon this spot and view the broad fields before him; survey the expanse of waters that his eye can rest upon; let him examine this stupendous structure with its springs and little mountains, its caves, its medicinal waters, its plains, its many structures, its great variety of vegetables, its thousands of flowers, its great variety of trees, birds and animals, the soft tinkling of the bells upon the cattle's neck, as they graze upon this high and lofty eminence, fills the heart with melody. Go to the lake, the falls, the gulf and the mines, look upon them and say there is no God *if he dare*, or let him stand upon the bluff and

WITNESS A THUNDER SHOWER.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth was sent,
Murmurs and sound of discontent.—*Homer.*

The glory of the king of day shining over his head and not a cloud obscures his dazzling rays. The cool breeze fans his heated brow, while the grass sways to and fro in the breath of the atmosphere. But below, that valley which was so lovely to behold this morning, is not visible. "Old Jupiter" is angry, and vents his wrath upon the people of that charming spot. Dark clouds hang upon the gray brow of Lookout; distant thunder mutters around this majestic old spot, while darker grow the clouds and louder rolls the thunder. The little birds seek the mountain top; the raven croaks and finds shelter in a safer rookery. "Old Jupiter" now charges his artillery with a fearful fire that rattles through the valley and echoes upon the top of this high bluff. Look over and see the lightning write its fiery path along the dark cloud, then disappear and so mark another in a different spot. Now comes the hail in rattling stones, the wind whistles in furious screams and the rain descends in torrents, dashing down the cliffs, yet all is fair above his head. Slowly rises the thunder clouds; soon he is enveloped in them and the forked lightning plays about him; the deafening roars of thunder fill his ear with its dreadful crash; he is entirely obscured from view, the rain drenches him, the hail pelts him, he seeks shelter. Can he, after viewing all these works of the Omnipotent hand, say there is no God?

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

This old man has never fretted his heart away, little by little, on many shrines,
But keeping all from her who looked at him through the vines.

This is one of the most singular structures of nature. The profile from the right side is perfect, and its features very strongly resemble one who is familiar to every American heart. This strange old man has set upon his high throne for centuries. Those who have the courage to approach him do so with a reverential awe, yet every one takes a lock of his mossy hair until he shows a well developed head. Queer old gentleman—he never meddles with politics, never makes political speeches, has no desire to run for President, Governor, or Congress, but is perfectly content to look down upon those who do make fools of themselves for office. He is not at all communicative, but looks down upon his admirers in grim silence. The beard of this respectable old gentleman is white laurel, and beautifully it becomes him. To visit this distinguished personage, you will go directly through the yard of the Mountain House, cross a fence, turn to your left in a bridle path, go to the corner of the fence, turn to your right, follow along a wide path, you will pass a yellow cottage—this is the home of aunt Sarah, a laundress, who will whiten your clothes, if desired, at one dollar per dozen, three small pieces for one. You will then continue on until you come to a large house upon the hill. This house is the property of Mr. McCollough, once a very wealthy gentleman. These halls have been filled with the *elite* of the sunny South, and many a sumptuous banquet eaten under the luxuriant trees in the garden, while the whole surroundings are of the most romantic nature. During the late “unpleasantness” this house was the scene of sorrow, for it was a hospital, and is now in a ruined state. Thus amid grandeur sublime, are the ruins of decay. By placing yourself upon the green sloping bank, upon which the house stands, you will have a perfect view of the Old Man of the Mountain. A little further on and you find

THE NATURAL BRIDGE AND CHALYBEATE SPRING.

The Natural Bridge, how grandly glow,
Beneath it soft strains of music flow
Down to the heart like some fond melody.

The bridge is quite equal to the Natural Bridge of Virginia for beauty and wildness of scenery. It is not quite as high but the span is longer. At the back part of the ravine, far in the side of the mountain, is a Chalybeate spring, which never fails to be well filled at all seasons. Out of the centre of the bridge runs a continual torrent of water, that forms many rivulets, which go along singing their gurgling anthems, while the song of the mother is heard afar. Here Eliza used to bathe the brows of the dying victims of her own race, and here many a lover told the tale of love to the pretty maiden whose eyes would flash with delight. Here she led young Blount over the bridge to visit a dying man concealed between two rocks, upon the ridge just beyond the bridge, to the right. Now, reader, you can follow her footsteps by taking the path close to the bridge, cross the rivulet, follow a short distance, then ascend—the ascent is easy—turn to the right and you will cross, continue on, bearing to the right, and you will meet the old gentleman that we have spoken of. You will then enter the path that you left to ascend, take the left hand and you will find the Mountain House, where you started; or you can turn directly to the right from the fence, take the broad path a short distance; you will see a little cottage with a pretty yard, where the roses bloom. Enter that room and you will be greeted by aunt Sallie, one of the Indians of the Cherokee nation. Her hospitality cannot be excelled by a princess; her jug of fresh buttermilk is brought out with the light, white biscuit and golden butter. While despatching that she will entertain you with tales of old. She is the respected wife of a white man and is beloved by all who know her. She is a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. When you leave there you can go to a Chalybeate spring of great strength, by turning to the right and going on to the hill. This water is cool. The church to which she belongs is about five miles in the State of Georgia, on the road to the lake. The Rev. Mr. Carden holds service once a month there; time of preaching can always be ascertained from aunt Sallie, so those wishing to attend can do so. We also have service at the Mountain House at 4 o'clock P. M., every Sunday, by the Rev. W. Mobay, of the Episcopal denomination. Thus we are reminded amid the pleasures of life the great importance of looking out a preparation for a brighter and better mountain in the heavenly range of Lookouts where we may meet the dear ones already upon that point of celestial glory.

To visit Rock City, the Lake, the Falls and the Gulf, you will go toward the toll-gate, turn to the right, go past the old hospital, continue toward the left until you come to a great number of chimneys; this was Gen. "Tige" Anderson's camp, turn to the left and that will take you to Rock City. To go to the Lake and the Falls, you will keep the straight road, drive on until you come to a long building on the right, after going down a hill, hitch there, as it is not safe to drive further, walk to the left and you will safely reach

LAKE SECLUSION.

Close by a rock of enormous height
Breaks the wild waves and forms a dangerous strait,
Full on its crown the green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies.
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign,
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main.
Thrice in her gulf the roaring falls subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direfull waves,
When seas, retreating, roar within her caves.

ODYSSEY, Book xii.

We quote Homer, as that better describes this wonder than any language we could use. The depth of this lake no man has yet discovered, it has no aparent outlet, and yet there is a continual rush of waters to its bosom. It is somewhat similar in form to the "Devil's Punch Bowl" in the Lakes of Kalarney. The rocks project out far over its face, while

EAGLE CLIFF

frowns down, and smiles at the same time upon its silvery bosom. The wildness of this spot is seldom equaled. Here

The eagle springs from the dizzy crag,
And pierced the dim empyrean height,
Fatigue cannot his pinions flag,
Nor storms beat back his forward flight.

The brows of these cliffs are rich in the luxurient gifts of Flora, who dispenses with a liberal hand the many colors and great variety. The *Rhododendron*, of several species, grow in great profusion upon the cliffs and rocks. Its beauty is not excelled by the Magnolia, only that it is more majestic while the other has the lovely tints of many dyes. You will wish for the fairy of the lake. So kind reader let the little Indian maid be the fairy, here she skipped and played around its borders; here she sang her little song and paddled her canoe, with Brown by her side. We think we can see the lovely girl with laughing face, throwing her flowers upon the bosom of the lake.

On the velvet banks of this lake sat this Indian child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of wild rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it, and her voice as clear as that of the birds that warbled by her side. The little stream went rushing down, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its dashing surface, and then smiled to see it borne down the snowy steep. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprung upon her feet and burst into tears, calling aloud to the stream to "Bring back my flowers." But it danced along, regardless of her tears, and as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along the reedy margin. And long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful burst of childish grief was heard, the fruitless cry of "Bring back my flowers." Then she ran around to the other side, jumped into her canoe and paddled out upon the lake to gather her scattered treasures. The tourists can cross the

CREEK,

which forms the falls ; and take the other side along the cliff, and keep on until they find a gradual descent ; or they can keep on this side, or the first side, and turn to the left, keeping close to the edge of the cliff, and you will observe a ladder, by going down this you can go under the falls of the Lake, whose snowy foams of spray would remind you of the fleecy clouds around the moon, as they reflect upon the dark sides of the cavern, while the roar of them above you, would not fail to inspire you with veneration and love of Longfellow's "Minnie-Ha-Ha." You will then walk a short distance along the creek borders, which is rock, and shortly you will hear the thunders of

LULA FALLS.

Far on she, it bore, where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.

ODYSSEY, Book xii.

Here you stand upon the level with the torrent that makes the above lines of Homer applicable ; the fall is about two hundred feet, and is one hundred and twenty-five feet lower than the falls of the lake, which has no seeming outlet. You

can continue along the right hand side and descend below these falls; by keeping along the side of the gray old cliff you will be surprised to hear a terrible noise, this is

BLOWING SPRING.

“Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes.”

Of this we cannot say that which we would like, as no one could inform us of its curious formation. Every one seems to be afraid of it, the water rushes out with great violence, and is thrown, like it were, with a hose; a great current of air rushes out with it, as cold as any “nor-wester.” We regret that we cannot inform you better about it. By keeping the bridle-path you will come to another of the same. These are seldom spoken of, as the guides who drive you upon the mountain dislike the trouble, and in fact, half of them do not know where they are or, any of the other places, save the Point, Rock City and the Lake. They do not know whereof Chicamauga Cliff or Roper’s Rock, Sunset Rock, Bragg’s Rock, the Natural Bridge or Old Man of the Mountain. On reaching the point you can find the way yourself. These all have more or less interest in them. But to return to the theme: Continue on and you will come out upon the mountain road. The path is very rugged. To return the same way that you came, go back to the ladder and climb up; turn to your right, keep close to the cliff for a few hundred yards, and you will stand above

LULA FALLS.

Here you will have a lovely view of these dimpled waters that laugh and sing as they go down that abyss and roll on their endless journey. This is the best place for delicate ladies to view this sublime Lula, sparkling in the golden rays of the sun. Drivers will often tell you that the roads are not passable, but such is not the case. The roads are rough, as all mountain roads are, but not very bad; not at all dangerous. Mr. Richie is ever ready to take parties there, but those in town charge you as much and take you to the point only. Tourists can spend the day delightfully by taking a basket of lunch and getting a jolly set, and starting off determined to have a good time; and you will have it. Large excursion parties would enjoy the the trip much. Persons desirous of seeing the mines in operation at Hixon’s, can do so from this point. These mines afford coal and copper, and some specimens of gold and silver have been found. Mr. William Ste-

vens is the enterprising man who has gone to work. We will here state that we want more men of this kind. The country is teeming with its rich minerals and ores; the golden treasures are locked in the stony sides of these mountains; a little labor will bring it out. Why do not parties with capital form and explore this wild country. They have every facility to do so; having railroads from all parts of the continent, as well as steamboats, how much greater are their advantages than those of the pioneer who endured so much to explore a country filled with dangers of all kinds and hardships of every nature. We hope that these rich mines will be opened and the laborer rewarded for his research, and we feel assured he will be. Reader, we regret that we cannot take you to the spot where old Van buried two bushels of gold and silver coin, but certain it is he did bury it, and had two negroes to help him. He then killed them, and was himself shortly afterwards killed, and the money has not been found to this day.

CHICKAMAUGA CLIFF.

To visit this castle of nature you will turn to the right of the cabin, (if desired, a boy named Benjamin, or Ben, will conduct you to the spot,) or you will proceed on the wide path until you come to an old tree with brawny arms; turn from that to the left and go straight ahead, and you will enter a cave, or cavern, with many chambers. A large flat stone stands in the centre, upon a pinnacle, just high enough for persons to eat from by sitting upon the ground with their feet under the table. This castle has a high front of seven hundred feet, with not a vine or shrub, but perfectly perpendicular, while its roof is of the most magnificent structure, with terrets, observatories and towers; chimneys with many ornaments that would adorn the handsomest structures of a city. In the centre of four corners of the roof is a cistern nearly to the top. This is round, and the water is conveyed into it from the roofs by regular conductors. This is called

CISTERN ROCK.

You can go all around the cistern below, and in the second story also. The inhabitants about there use this water when the springs are dry. The water is pure and sweet. As you near the cliff you discover seats carved with a secure railing in front. To go upon the roof you will go through a gap called

FAT MAN'S MISERY.

This when seen will explain its name in language more

forcibly than we can do. When upon the top you will turn to the left. You will then proceed along the sloping roof until you go fifty feet; go down the corner about ten feet to another roof; there you will enter the

REFRESHMENT ROOM.

This chamber is large, cool and airy, with spring &c., several round tables of stone. The one in the centre has the usual refreshment card upon it. The floor is one flat stone, perfectly smooth; and seats are around the tables. This castle was the headquarters of Gen. "Tige" Anderson and staff, of the the Confederate army, during the cold weather. A little further on you will find the

POST OFFICE.

This is a small, neat room. We found several letters there which we read with delight, as they were very amusing. We also wrote one and left it for the next visitor. The Post Master was absent and we did not put the stamp upon it. You can pass through several more rooms from this and return to the roof. This was Gen. Anderson's signal station. This grand structure is of handsome brown stone. In one of these chambers Eliza was born. Here she protected her young *protege*; here she would skip and play with her fawns; here the war council was held and the pipe of war smoked; here the victim was burnt, and dark spots can be easily discerned in the rocks upon the high pinnacles where fire and blood mingled together while the savage yell made the air hideous with its demoniac screams, as the dying moan of the wretched martyr rose upon the breeze and was wafted to the spirit-shore, and there recorded upon the monumental tablet of pioneer braves. Here is also the wild song of the

INDIAN MAID:

Where amid the opening flowers
The light-winged zephyr strayed,
Merry as the summer rill
This little Indian played,
Where the brightest flowers grew wild,
Sweetly sang the Indian child.

Now with rosy lips apart,
The little Indian maiden stood,
Listening as her silvery notes,
Echoed through the wood.
Silent now her soft black eye
Wid'ning with a sweet surprise.

Half in wonder, half in fear,
 'Twas no wood fairy child,
 In sweet mimicry of thine
 Rang out those notes so wild,
 Merry laugh, or silvery tone,
 Echoed but thy very own.

Often the gush of childish glee broke upon the stillness of the day and night. All of this had a tendency to purify the soul and lead it toward the brighter land of eternal happiness. The lesson of nature had its influence upon the gentle maid. She would often sit upon the edge of this tremendous cliff, with Brown by her side; and they would wonder and converse of the great Spirit above them, and after Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Jennings were added to their number, they would listen to them with wonder and reverence as they imparted their knowledge of the beauties beyond the skies. All along this cliff there is something to attract and please the tourist in the trip. Now, kind reader, go with me to

ROCK CITY.

From this castle you can return the same as you came, and take the left hand road that leads you directly to it. First, you pass the Elephant, but some one who had a greater love for theft than reverence for nature's bounteous gift, stole his trunk and tail, thus depriving him of his natural appearance somewhat. Yet you can discover what he once was by his sides. Just wide enough for a carriage to go through is a large rock which we have named in honor of

COL. A. L. HARRIS.

This is a large rock that stands not far from Chickamauga cliff. It is somewhat similar to a fat man. We name it in honor of our kind friend, the Master of Transportation and Supervisor of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, it is surrounded by laurel, as he is by friends. A little farther on is

WRENN'S ROCK.

We name this for the gentlemanly ticket agent of the same road. The idea was suggested to us by a little bird of that name, upon its head, while Mr. Linn was photographing the rock. A little farther on is

WASHINGTON'S CABINET.

This has many curious crevices and holes sufficient to store all of that distinguished man's papers in. A little further on, to the left, you arrive at the

VIRGINIA STATE HOUSE.

Though crumbled to nothing, Virginia's old State House shall shine'
Eternal, immutable, glorious and divine.

This is a large rock with apparent fire-places in it. The shape somewhat resembles the unfortunate State House, in whose honor we name it, as well as in memoriam of those who fell beneath its crushing weight. Opposite is

GENS. R. E. LEE AND U. S. GRANT.

The names,
As in legions strange and old,
By some unseen and magic chord,
Responsive to the touch of thought,
Should start unbidden by a word.

We name these tall and graceful columns who rear their proud heads so high, in honor of the two greatest chieftains the world ever saw. They are monuments of nature's structure; so are the men. A more appropriate name could not be applied to them. The one opposite the State House is R. E. Lee, the one next to the tree is U. S. Grant, President of the United States. After naming them, one of the party became quite enthusiastic over it and determined to climb to the top, but that is no easy matter. After going some distance he obtained a plank; he then ascended by climbing a tall tree and placing the plank on the fork of the tree and on one of the crags of Gen. Grant. He landed safely about half-way up, and by close application arrived at the top, where he became very eloquent and made a long speech, terribly patriotic. While he was getting upon Gen. Lee the wind blew down the bridge, and after delivering the consecrating speech on this one, he went across to the other and found the platform down. His position was rather uncomfortable, there being only ladies below. We could not reach him, the plank and he being nearly twenty feet up. We had to go some distance to find help. After much trouble we found "Ben," who readily relieved him. We had much fun at his expense. In front stands a very large rock that master Percy Barker, only four years, named the

COURT HOUSE.

There is nothing very notable in this one, only its size. In *Harper*, we see that his author wrote by proxy, as neither illustrations nor descriptions are correct. (Our illustration failed to reach us in time for insertion here.)

You will proceed on to the right. You will soon come to immense numbers and great varieties. These are divided by streets, with gardens now rich in the profusion of variagated flowers, and watered by a babbling brook, while two large pillars stand apart from the rest ; these we name

GENS. "TIGE" ANDERSON AND "FIGHTING" JOE HOOKER.

There they stood confronting each other in gloomy silence. Each of these distinguished men held this post and we name them for two heroes of the field. The right is Anderson and the left Hooker, as we believe that is the position taken by those two men of fame. Then continue on and you will arrive at Chickamauga cliff and castle. We have now given you two routes to the cliff. You can go back by the last one if you come to the castle first. Now the object of our Heavenly Father in building this massive coliseum is known only to Him. We have never seen any thing grander, and we have stood by the Thebes and viewed the Pyramids with wonder. We have visited the Coliseum of Imperial Rome and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, but a grander sight than these wonderful structures could not be found. This is the Imperial city ; 'tis the spot where the heroic deeds of man did much to gain dominion over, and which ruin and decay will never do what man has failed to, for 'tis the city of all time and of all the world ; 'tis the sepulchre of all time, built by the Great Architect of the Universe whose masterly hand cannot be equaled. As you come out you will observe the suburbs of the city. Colossal columns rise in noble grandeur. A

LEANING TOWER,

of large dimensions, stands in the suburbs, as well as the

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

This has the appearance of a large house with a shelter projecting out over the door.

Around here Eliza played, and here they taught the Indians their first Bible lesson ; here also many yielded up their lives by the stake amidst the roar of flames, and the hellish yells of their earthly tormentors. And in latter days the boom of the cannon echoed through the silent city, and once again these shelters contained mangled and dying men, but now all is quiet and rabbits and foxes are the only inhabitants of this grand old city.

We who are creatures of a day talk of everlasting hills and mountains, but when we stand upon their stupendous heights,

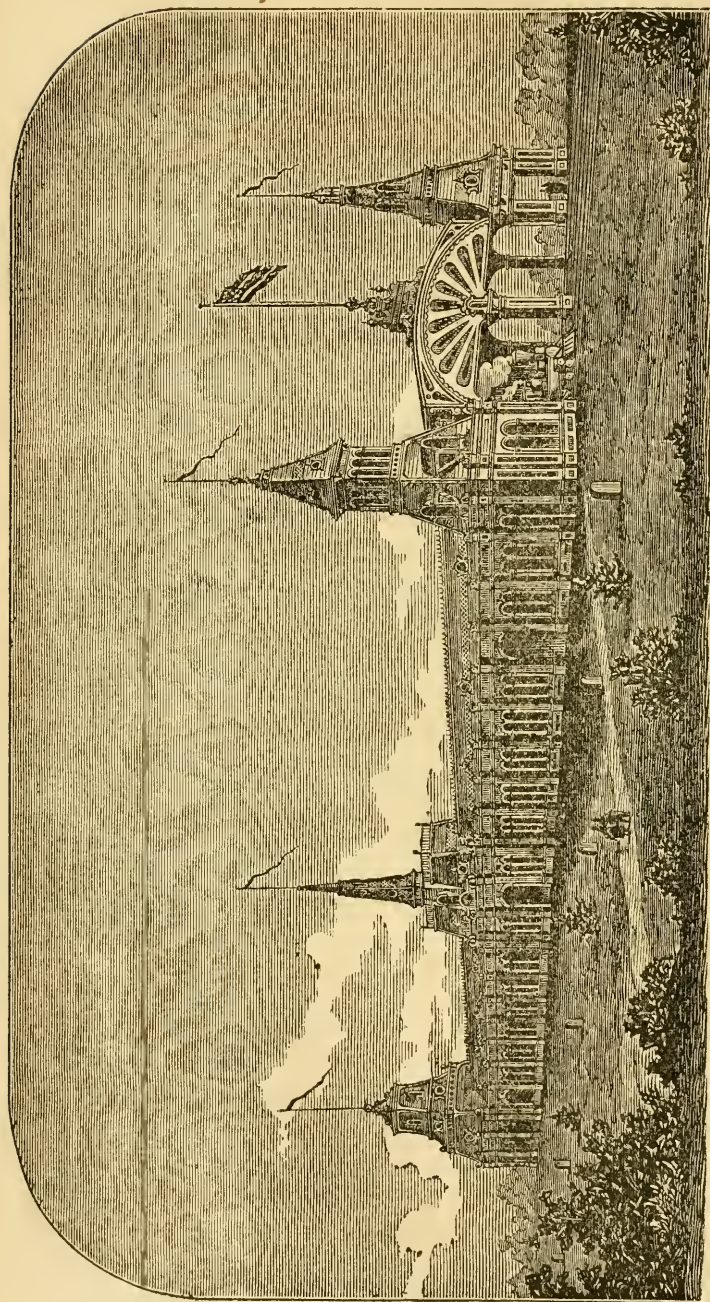
or when we go into their masses of rock, they tell us they too have basked in light for only a time; that once the great waters rolled over them and that they now hold the treasures of the deep locked up in their impenetrable caverns. These rocks recall to mind an eloquent exposition of the Apostle's remark; that to see the towers that were raised by the power of feudal princes and the abbys and cathedrals—that were the scenes of monastic devotion—now crumbling and and falling away—their tottering walls curtained with ivy and the bird of night the only tenement of those forsaken abodes of stern despotism. We can only conclude the description of this majestic Lookout by saying:

BEAUTIFUL LOOKOUT, favorite song,
 What memory to thy cadence belong;
 What sweet recollections cling to my heart
 As thy loved zephyrs recall joys as dear as thou art.
 Oh, poesy's home was that dreamland whose skies
 Were as soft as the lovelight that dwells in their eyes,
 I have known many zephyrs, but the dearest to me
 Is beautiful Lookout for it breathes of Thee.

Beautiful Lookout at dawn of day,
 The soft zephyrs are wafted in musical lay,
 And gently awake me from dreams where I heard,
 The soft dulcet strains of sweet caroling birds.
 All that's lovely on earth to none brighter belongs
 All that's dear to my heart round its memories throng.
 I have known many zephyr's, but dearest to me
 Is beautiful Lookout for it breathes of Thee.

Now, kind reader, we have carried you over romantic scenes, frightful precipices, narrow ravines and tortuous waters, into the clouds and out of them. Now let us invite your attention to the State of Georgia for a short time. Dear old State, *A Phoenix without the fable*. *Atlanta!* who can dispute your being that bird of fire? Surely you have risen from the ashes of your former self, and are now clothed in a plumage gay and bright. Clouds of prosperity hover over your nest and light up the horizon above the fallen one of yore. The blood has fallen from your heart, but now the wound is healed and scarcely a scar is left to mark the fiery dart. Gigantic buildings raise themselves in proud defiance of the fallen ones. The capital bells resound, (auction bells not less). The song of the opera is often heard within the handsome walls of the Opera House, which grand and majestic building reminds us of the palaces of the old country. Hotels without number. The best of them is the NATIONAL with its fine, large and airy rooms, handsomely furnished, with

• a fine restaurant. There is a very large hotel in progress on the site of the old Atlanta Hotel. This is being built by that enterprising gentleman, H. I. Kimball, who has done more to help the Phœnix to rise from the ashes than any one else, or, in fact, any dozen others. He has the good of the State at heart; he has come with his wealth to assist us to rise. He is now engaged in getting ready the Fair Grounds for the Georgia State Fair, to be held this fall in Atlanta. The grounds will be characterized with every convenience for exhibitors. We heartily recommend all of our friends of both sexes to help to fill the extensive halls and stalls. We would here say to our friends of Kentucky, and elsewhere, that this is the time and place for them to show and sell their stock of all kinds. A half-mile track is upon the grounds. Speed will be contested, (see the advertisement,) and the finest prizes are offered, and we hope that all who have anything that will add interest to the enterprise will contribute toward bringing this great project before the public. Thinking men and women will see the usefulness of this scheme. There is no place where reconstruction is made plain like the Fairs. The old mode of labor being demoralized, a new one must be organized, and no place can it be done like on the Fair Grounds. Neither bigotry nor hatred should keep any from this spacious enclosure. This will do more to re-organize the country than all the Congressional halls and reconstruction committees in the United States. Friends, try it and see. You all have the best facilities for transportation of any people in the world. (Read the Railroad guide to the mountain in this book.)



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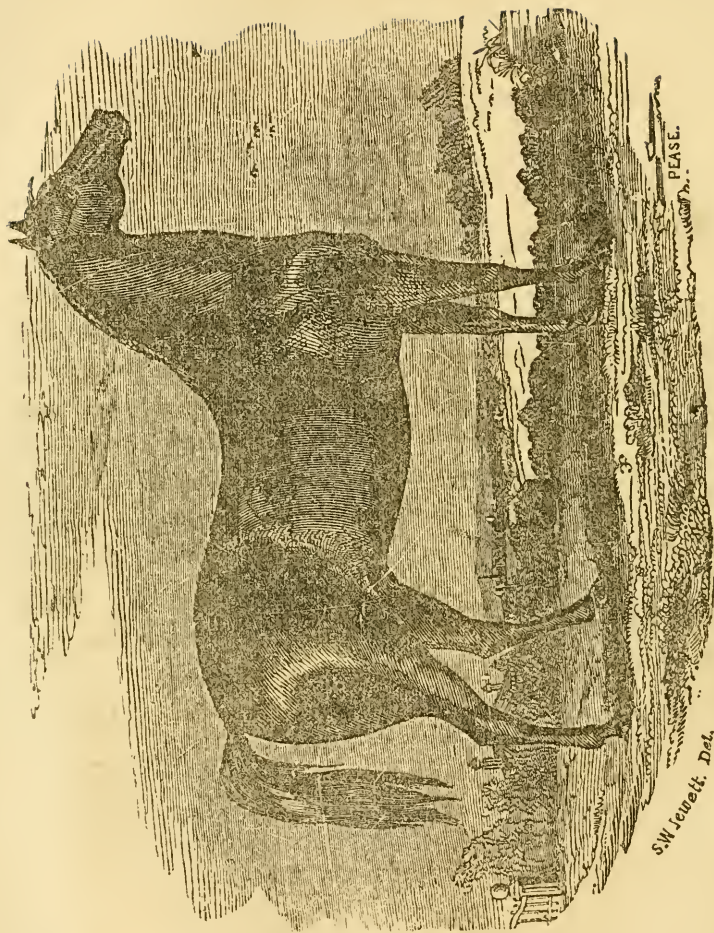
L. M. HARRIS, Southern Pass. Ag't.

Conductors are all polite and accommodating. To Mr. J. T. Carre we are indebted for many courtesies, as well as the officers of the road.

TO MY READERS:

In presenting this little volume to you, I trust that each will be mutually benefitted by it. I have endeavored to write it in an amusing manner, but useful *also, both* to *reader* and *patron*. *All are sound, substantial facts*, save Jonathan, who represents the character of many of the present day, who *become suddenly rich and distinguish themselves* by just such feats as he does, only in *benevolence*, which is the last thing thought of. You will find the people spoken of just where and just what I represent them to be. Read it all through and you will find something to your advantage, and will enjoy a hearty laugh.

THE AUTHOR.



THE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN BRADLY.

JONATHAN BRADLY

Visits George Sharp, Jr., Jeweler to the Georgia State Agricultural Society, Atlanta, Ga, the handsomest store and best stocked in the State, and buys some diamonds to attend the Fair.

Jonathan Bradley was born in Indiana, in obscurity, and raised until he was twenty-three years old in the same. His father being a small farmer, he had few advantages. But he had good *mother-sense*. His neighbors used to say he had "good horse-sense." His judgment was often called into requisition in matters of agriculture and stock-raising. Few people had the extraordinary gift that he had, and his views, either for or against, was law. One day Mr. Wm. Baldwin, of Maysville, Ky., was offering a pair of fine horses for sale, to a well-to-do farmer, three miles from the home of Jonathan, and was profuse in his praise of his fine team. "Now Squire," said the farmer, "I will tell you what, if Jonathan Bradley says the same of them, that you do, why, I guess I'll buy em." "Who the duce is Jonathan Bradley?" queried Mr. B. "Why Squire, you see, we would'n't buy a hoss in this 'ere neighborhood without he'd spend his judgment on the critter fust," answered the farmer. "Where is that knowledge box?" asked Mr. B., sharply. "Wall, Squire, he lives about three miles off; but I gess you would'n't like tew see him, from the way you speak." "Certainly I should," said Mr. B.; "jump in and let us ride to his farm."

"Now, Squire, that 'ere talk sutes me, only, the whole neighborhood would be down on me if I'd buy them critters, which are concerned puty, without he seed 'em fust." "I am glad to know you have a man who is such a good judge of stock." "He can't be beat, Squire." "Then the horses are sold," said Mr. B., feeling doubtful of Jonathan's judg-

ment. When they arrived, Jonathan was just hitching up "Sal," his favorite mule, to go to the field, but seeing the fine team dashing up, he stopped and saluted Farmer Dayton, as follows: "I guess you are gitting grand with that fine team—why I'll be concerned if that aint the spankingest pair of hosses I ever seed. Hallo, stranger, didn't see you, for lookin' at that pesky putty hoss flesh." "How do you like them," asked Mr. B., with a laugh. "Why, stranger, I'd jist like tew own 'em, that is how. Whare did you come from?" "Kentucky." "I knowed it by the cut of your jib." "Jonathan," said the farmer, "I want your 'pinion on these beast. I want it rite out." "Wall, neighbor, all I got tew say is, that they beat Bobtail, clean, smack and smooth to the end." This was his decided declaration in all matters that found favor in his eyes. Farmer Dayton resolved to purchase the team at the round sum of \$700, which raised Jonathan greatly in the estimation of Mr. B., who, with true Kentucky hospitality, invited Jonathan to his beautiful home, to view all of his fine stock. Some years after this occurrence, he was in the field following in the footsteps of "Sal," and his thoughts were of the better situation of Farmer Dayton, who had acquired considerable wealth, and of his daughter, who was a buxsome lass of sixteen, and who could make as good butter and cheese, and weave as many yards of cloth as any body's daughter in the hamlet. They had long had an eye to each other, but Jonathan was poor, and notwithstanding his good, sound sense, the farmer could not give Peggy to him; and, in fact, she, herself, rather stood off, much to his discomfiture. While his brain was occupied with these thoughts a stranger approached him, and politely raised his hat. "A word with you, sir," said the stranger, who was no other than Gen. J. C. Brown, an eminent lawyer, from Pulaski, Tenn. "Whoa Sal, han't you got a darned bit of manners—don't you see the gentleman, you blind fool." "Can you tell me, sir, where I can find a gentleman by the name of Jonathan Bradly?" "Whoa Sal; that is me, by jing." "Oh, you are the gentleman I have business with." "Wall, out with it, stranger, for I am in a tarnal bad row for stumps, and want tew get out afore the sun roasts me out." "Very well, sir, you are the son of Jeremiah Bradly." "So dad says." "Well, that is all the law requires." "The law—I'd like tew know what the law

has tew do with my bein' Jeremiah and Jemima Bradly's son." "A great deal, my friend. You had an uncle by the name of Nicademus Bradly, who lived at Hopkinsville, Ky., and had a farm in Tennessee." "Wall, now, stranger, I never seed that fellow, but I've hern dad tell about him, and I gess he was my uncle, for he was dad's oldest brother." "He is dead." "Oh, dear, dear, is he dead?" "Whoa, Sal, you blamed fool." "Yes, he is no more." "Wall, Mister, I gess if I stand in this row all day, I won't bring him tew life, so get up, Sal." "Wait a moment. You make a neat furrow—whose plow is that?" "Mine." "I mean, whose make is it?" "You see, Mister, it is called ALLIANCE DOUBLE SHOVEL PLOW. It excels any in the market, and is as necessary tew the farmer as a gal's false hair is tew a party. Dad sent uncle Nick one, and he liked it muchly. He also sent him WATTLE'S PATENT SULKY CULTIVATOR.

Uncle Dick writ that he used it fur marking out corn and cotton ground, also, fur kivering it up when planted." With the fifth shovel attached it makes a complete cultivator to be used in stirring up fall plowing and putting in small grain. It is easily changed from a corn to a cotton cultivator, by substituting the sweeps and scrapers in place of shovels. "Yes, we have many of them in our midst. I think them indispensable to the farmer. We have a large house in Chattanooga of all kinds of agricultural machiney." "Dew tell, and who keeps it." "GEORGE S. RUBLE." "He must be a smart man." "He is. Your uncle was a good thrifty farmer and knew how to make his farm pay." "Yes, a man can't do much without machinery on his farm, and a plenty of good manure spred in the fall and winter." "Why do you prefer the fall and winter to the spring?" "Case, yer see, mister, that the snow and rain beat in all the virtue to the ground, and in the spring when we plough, we mix it all up and lose none, but if it remains in the stable yard, it loses half of its strength." "Oh, yes, I had not thought of that." "Well, that ain't all. You see a man has more time in the fall and winter than in the spring, so he saves two things, time and manure." "Ah, I see how it is." "I guess you ain't a farmer?" "No, but I take great interest in the farmers, for they are the bone and sinew of the country. If they fail, all else necessarily must." "Yes, but most of the folks don't agree with you." "All I have to say, sir, is

that if all our Southern farmers would purchase cultivators, improved plows, and G. S. Ruble's implements generally, we would soon be the wealthiest people in the land, for we have the soil and the climate." "I here 'em say you have got it, and lots of emergnants is goin' thar, ain't they?" "Yes, some, but we wish far more, our climate is genial, land abundant, minerals without end, of all kinds." "But you don't like us fellows down thar?" "You are greatly mistaken; we do like all who come to make their homes with us. We will welcome all such to our unhappy land. But, sir, we do not like those who would attempt to govern us, whether agreeable or not. We are a law-abiding people, willing to submit to our fate, provided we govern ourselves, which we are capable of doing." "I gess you are." "I have detained you too long, I will to business. Your uncle is dead." "So you told me." "I did not finish." "Well, go on, tell it all." "He was rich." "Is that so?" said Jontahan greatly excited. "Yes, and has left you his fortune," "Good gracious! how much was the old coon worth?" "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Oh, golly, aint that slick?" and he jumped and pranced like a colt and hugged the General. "Look here, old fel, when I git down in Tennessee I mean to run you for Govinor, throw old parson Brownlow higher'n and a kite, and lick any feller that don't vote for you." "I thank you for your kindness, but I fear your task is Herculean. I do not aspire to that position." "I say that you shall, and Jonathan Bradley never goes back on his word, no siree." "You seem inclined to have your own way in the matter." "I jist do, and I'll do it sartin." He seized and shook furiously the hand of the General. He danced for joy, left Sal in the "lead-row for stumps," and started for home, at lightning speed, to tell his good fortune. In his haste, he lost his hat, and forgot to make the necessary inquiries. But the General followed, exhibitel the will, and offered his advice as soon as it was practicable to do so.

After Jonathan had told his astonished parents of his extremely good luck, and the scene had passed, the General called, and commenced to explain the proper mode for him to follow, to obtain a position in good society. "Wall, what shall I do? I will do jist as you want me tew." "Oh, I will only suggest, and you can act upon the suggestion if you think proper." "I'll dew it, sartin." "Well, sir, it

will be necessary for you to go to school and receive an education; that will enable you to appear well in your new position in society. You know that learning is the most important of all things on earth. It fits a person for usefulness here and eternal happiness after the lamp of life has flickered out. If a man does nothing but eat, drink and sleep his life away, he had better be left in the field, where I found you. Now, that you have the means to improve yourself, you should do so." "That I will." "I do not doubt it." "What would you recommend for me?" "Why, the UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE." "Tell us all about it." "With pleasure. This school is to be open the first Monday in September, under the Supervision of its old President, Gen. B. R. Johnson and Gen. E. Kerby Smith. General Johnson was a great favorite before the war, and this was a most flourishing school; the situation is delightful. It stands upon the top of the hill, in South Nashville, and has a broad lawn in front, studded with fine old trees. Its location is admirable, and the names of these eminent gentlemen will be *sufficient to resurrect* it from its long sleep. The BUILDINGS have been REPAIRED and newly FURNISHED. The comforts of a home will be found there, and the *head* thoroughly instructed in all the branches that it can contain. On the same site is the MEDICAL UNIVERSITY, under the direction of Dr. J B. Lindsley, who has a well established fame for profound learning and science. This College is familiarly known all over the country, and many of its graduates occupy enviable positions among the distinguished of the profession. Any young man wishing to become a son of Escalapius, can be an accomplished one under the instruction of Dr. Lindsley and his learned professors. A young man must make his mark in life if he wishes his name to remain to posterity." "Yes, Mister, that's so, and I'll dew it sartin." "We will have a number of FAIRS this fall, and shall be most happy to see you at them. You should see something of the world before you settle. Books and travel fit a man for any position in life." During the conversation the old folks swallowed every word, and felt how true it was. The General bade them good-day, and Jonathan returned to the field. He found "Sal" standing as he left her. "I'll be concerned if this aint treatin' you rite bad, old gal; but, never mind, I am rich now, and won't follow in your foot-

steps no longer." He drove her to the shade and sat down by her, and soliloquized "thusly": "Here I am, Jonathan Bradly, son of Jeremiah and Jemima Bradly, and niece—no not niece, but nephew of old Nick Bradly, who has had the good common sense tew die and make me his heir tew the tune of a hundred and fifty thousand. I gess I'm some pumkins. Peggy Dayton will wish she had'nt been so ready tew be winkin' at Jim Lethers, because he got six hundred dollars. I gess all the gals will wish they'd treted me better. But I'll pay 'em off sartin. I'll court every one of 'em, and not one will I marry. I'll go and see the world." Just at this moment, a piece of paper flitted before him. He took it up, and after much spelling, read: "A man in pursuit of *knowledge* under difficulty." "I gess that fellow's me, no, not me, but like me." He read on, and learned the man was somewhat like him in his former circumstances, and that he obtained information without having the hundred and fifty thousand it was his good fortune to possess. "I'll go and see Peggy, and tell her I'm goin' off, get married, and live in grand style. That'll rile her dander." Off he went to see his darling Peggy, with his mind full of fine fancies and grand sayings. "How do you do?" he asked. "I am well," she answered. "I'm tarnal glad you are." "So am I," she responded, with a coquetish toss of her head. "Jonathan, what on arth has brought you out of the field at this time of day?" "Why, you see, Peggy, I'm goin' off." "Going off! You had better stay to hum and tend your crap, I guess. Where are you going to, and what are you going after, and how long will you stay, and what will the old man do when you are gone, and who will feed Sal and make the crap? Jonathan, take my advice and stay to hum, and not be tramp-ing all over the world, spending your money, if you have got any, which I guess you haint." "I gess you don't know nothing, Miss Peg," said he, with a good deal of dignity, that he did not know exactly how to manage. "What on arth has come over you, I'd like to know? I believe you have gone crazy." "I gess not, Peggy. Peggy are you courted?" "Well, now, I don't know exactly. Sorter and sorter not, more sorter than sorter not." Upon which she gave a great laugh, and continued. "I do believe the fool has come a courting in the day time." Jonathan listened to these remarks without emotion, and had a sly twinkle in his

eye, as he said: "Yes, Peg, I'm goin' to Hopkinsville, Ky., and tew Tennessee. I got a big cotton-farm in Tennessee, and a big tobacco one near Hopkinsville, and a big store in Atlanta, Ga.

"Now, Jonathan, I know you are stark mad, tew say that, why yer must be dreamin'." "No, Miss, I aint dreamin, I have got it for sartin, and that aint half nuther," said he, assuming an air of importance, while Peggy viewed him with hands akimbo, in breathless surprise. Had she known of the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville she would have thought that was the farm he alluded to. "Well, Jonathan, I do believe you have been bit by a mad dog." "No, I haint," and seeing Peggy did not intend to allow him to court her, he determined not to tell his fortune. Like a wise man he resolved to be loved only for himself, with Peggy at least. After partaking of a good dinner he bid farmer Dayton good-by, telling him that "he should leave these diggins to see his new ones." The surprise of the farmer was equal to that of his daughter, and the rest who crowded around him. "I do believe that Jonathan has got the fever," said the farmer's wife, "his hand was awful hot." "I gess that's it," said Peggy." We leave them and return to Jonathan's home, where his mother and sisters were busy getting him ready to accompany the General next day. A man was hired to take his place on the farm, and care for Sal, which he greatly loved. We see him leave home for the first time. "We must visit Mr. Mock Levy," said the General. "Who's he?" "He is President of the Jeffersonville Race Horse Company. The company has many fine horses, and I wish to invite him to attend our Southern Fairs this fall. We have fine fair grounds and wish all who have fine stock to be present. Great inducements are offered to those who have stock, agricultural implements, machinery and hardware. By the way, we must go to St. Louis and invite the Excelsior firm to show its excelsior wares on all our grounds; also, Mr. Buck. We want to see his "Brilliant Stove," and the "Charter Oak" take a race. But we believe Lithgow's, of Louisville, will beat both; and we challenge them to the contest." "A stove race, why, I never hearn tell of such a race. I'd like tew know how it's done." "I will explain. Three houses are built called Pagodas. They are octagon, just large enough to hold a stove, table and one man, have a round cupola, fan-

cily painted, and open all around. The room over is the the store-room where the material is kept for baking. Each one bakes his best. A great accommodation to restaurateurs as they get their meats and bread fresh baked. Some one is on hand to point out the beauties of the stove." "Why that's a good thing." "Then you have exactly the opportunity to show what it will do, and every lady sees it. You see the fancy paintings of an elephant, for instance, with a red hot stove on his back, will draw attention to it." "Sartinly it will." "Well, we wish also to invite the proprietor of the Crescent Sugar Refinery, of New Orleans, to show his produce with us. This is the largest refinery in the United States. I regret I have not time to describe it, but will at some future day. That is the place to exhibit his goods, as we are fond of sweets and know his to be choice. Messrs. George Dunbar & Sons must also come. They have the cleanest and best of cordials and Southern preserved fruits of every variety. Our land abounds in figs, but we do not know how to preserve and keep them fresh and delicious. They do. We wish Messrs. Tyler & Griswold to be present with samples of their wares. A jeweler, in Atlanta, Mr. Geo. Sharp, who will compete with them. The best and finest display will take the premium of \$100, and we wish to get up competition." "Yes, siree, that's the life of the thing." "Right, sir." Invitation is extended to Messrs. Rice & Brothers, of Camp street, N. O., to show their copper-ware. Also, invite Zable & Dalton." "What ar they?" "Japan and tin-ware manufacturers." "Why do you ax them, that makes only—" "Oh, we wish to encourage all industries. We wish farmers and merchants to see what can be done in the land of rice and cotton. We have a pride to see our Agricultural department fairly compete with the Northern implements and wares. We have and will show the world we possess the noblest qualities of mankind, and now offer a fair competition with our northern friends." "But you aint axin none of them." "You mistake, Bodley & Lane, of Cincinnati, are most cordially invited, and all others, who chance to read this, and those who have nothing to exhibit as well. We will show them the hospitality of Southern hearts with a warm welcome, and render their stay as pleasant as possible." "I gess some of em will dew it." "I trust so. Mr. H. I. Kimball is an enterprising man and will spare neither labor

nor money to make all comfortable. He has the largest and finest hotel in process of erection, south or west. Close by is the National, second to it only in size."

I invite S. L. James & Co., of Baton Rouge." "Whar's that?" "In Louisiana." "What dose they do?" "They make Refrigerators, and that is one thing we want; and by the way, the ICE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of New Orleans, might send along a sample of their ice in one. We wish our friends to see ice made by *steam*." "Now, dew tell, ice made by steam! Wall, now, that beats Bobtail." "Yes, and it is very fine and fim, we saw a piece weighing 1,700 pounds on the Fair Grounds, of New Orleans." "Wall, now, that clean beats anything I ever seed." "Mr. J. E. Carvin & Co., we wish your display, and Mr. J. B. Knight, Izard & Carvin, Shakspeare Foundry, Reynold's Iron Works, Vibbard & Co., and C. G. Johnston, H. T. Bartlett, John T. Wallace & Co., W. P. Smith." "Look here, General, that's a darned common name." "The name is common, but not so the invention. Everything is not common because the name of the manufacturer chances to be, or that no good dwells beneath a homely exterior and ragged jacket." "That's so, hoss-fly, what has he got?" "A CENTRIFUGAL EARTH DRILL." "What on arth is that?" "Why, to drill wells and we shall be sadly disappointed if he does not come. He will have a good chance to display it on the Grounds. Herbert, & Emery can make a good display." "Of what?" "All the above men are engaged in machinery, and we wish every one to come. Jno. W. Norris, Bostic & Seymore, Slowcomb & Bawldwin, not omitting Daniel and James D. Edwards, or Mr. Duelly, Colemon, Daniel Pratt & Brooks should be there; and J. B. Jennings must be on hand. As we are fond of a nice ride, we invite Joseph Schartz, Marsh and Denman, C. M. Saria and R. Bleakley, Carriage Dealers. We want present Mr. Fred. James Knapp, with his *Ramie Plants*, for they are destined to take the place of cotton, and the man who owns the machine for breaking it. Her Masjesty has offered £5,000 to the man who can produce the machine. Competition in shoes is needed, and we invite Messrs. Glynn & Wintz. F. J. Qiuolan & Co., Hatters, defy competition; and we want to see J. M. Holbrook, of No. 40 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga., measure arms with competitors." "Who dew you say is at Atlanta?" "J. M.

Holbrook." "I'll go and see him, sartin, when I get thar." "That's right, he well deserves patronage, he is an old citizen and a great favorite." "Them fellows are the ones to visit." "Certainly, Mr. Bradly, you have the exact appreciation of men and things. He keeps just what you and everybody else will want—a new hat—for the Fair." "Don't mister me, call me Jonathan, mister will do for you, not me." "Very well, but let us continue on our way to Louisville." "Where will you stop at—WILLARD'S HOTEL? That is *one* of the *best* hotels on the American Continent." "Whare is that tavern?" "It is on the corner of Jefferson and Center Sts., opposite the handsome court-house." "Who keeps it? I never was in one but once, and that was Bill Stubbs', afore the 'lection, when Tom Jones was runin' for office; he stood treat." "Messrs. Whips, Willard & Co., princes of hotel keepers." "Now, General—that's what you say you are, haint it?" "Yes, Gen. J. C. Brown." "That is the place tew go, for I does want to see a *live* prince." The General could not forbear to smile at the verdancy of his friend, who so readily entered into his suggestions. They arrived, and were duly installed in their clean, handsome room, which Jonathan thought "beat Bill Stubbs' all tew smash." The General wrote invitations to the following gentlemen, to exhibit their fine stock at the fairs: Mr. Alexander, Mr. Macey, Gen. A. Beauford, of Varsailles, Woodford county, Ky., Mr. J. M. Vanmeter, Tom Bowman, Mr. Steel, of Lexington, Ky.." "Why, you are only axin' a few." "We invite *every man who reads this*, or *every notice of the approaching Fairs*. Great enducements are offering. All in solid silver." "Who gives them things." "The Society. From Danville, Ky., we hope to meet Jas. H. Davis, W. C. Cecil, and many others. We wish to see the genial faces of R. E. Coleman, C. Davis, Dr. J. S. Kirkendall, Z. P. McBrayer, Aaron Murphy, Dr. Moore, W. M. Rue, T. C. Coleman, Wm. Campbell Wm. Goddard and others, from Harrodsburg, Ky.; B. H. Lewis, L. G. Adams, S. B. Coleman and friends, of Bardstown, Ky.; D. L. Jones, W. Feland, C. C. Huber, of Stanford, Lincoln county, Ky.; Wm. Baldwin, Mr. Hall and J. Slack, of Maysville, Ky." "Why, you must be goin' to have a big to-do." "Of course we are, and as we buy largely of stock, the occasion is a good one for our Kentucky friends.

"We also invite John Burton, Harrison Yewell, Robt. Lewis, Jake Thompson, Clinton Griffith, Ham. Ayer, Dr. Woolfolk, Senators McCrae and S. Mobly, with his horse, Pender, of Owensboro', Ky. We will not object to the Rev. Mr. Coleman being judge. "Look here, Gen'l, you are getting hot. I gess you will be hotter when you are Governor. "No doubt, should it be my fortune to hold that high office, I will find it rather warm on a freezing day." "Wall now, I gess you will. I hear 'em say it is a tarnal bad place tew be in." "But we will take the L. & N. R. R. train and proceed on to Elizabethtown. I wish to see Horace English and Mr. Bethel about bringing their fast horses to Georgia." "Have they got fine hosses?" "Yes, Mr. Bethel has a very fast trotter which he took a great many prizes upon." "Where will you stop?" "At the Hill House." "Who keeps it?" "Mrs. R. D. Hill. She is called aunt Becca by all who know her. She is one of the kindest, dearest, old ladies in the world, and has the cleanest and most comfortable house in the country, and everything good to eat, in the real old-fashioned style. It is a most delightful summer resort." "Wall, we'll go there." After spending the night and testing aunt Becca's coffee, fried chickens and other substantials, with which the tables abound, they paid their bills and took their seats upon the L. & N. R. R. for Nashville.

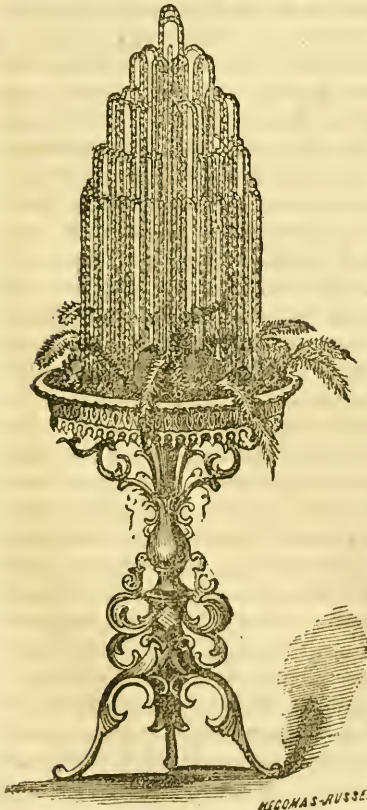


The General said "we will remain over until the evening train. I wish to present you to General B. R. Johnson, the President of the Military University that you will attend, if you like." "Where will we find him." "At his office over the Fourth National Bank, Union street." "Wall, let us be off, I wan't to see my teacher that is to be." On arriving they found the General seated at the table, by his side a fine specimen of manhood with silver locks, who greeted General Brown with the cordiality of an old friend. This is Col. G. P. Smith, who is Johnson's partner in the Real Estate Business. Jonathan is presented to Gen. Johnson, whose face is radiant with good nature. "How dew you dew Mr. John-sing," said he, extending his hand, which the General took, greatly amused at the verdancy of his future pupil. "Gen.

Brown tells me I'd better go tew schule, and I gess he's right; he says that you are a tarnal good fellow to beat sense into a dumhead." "As to that, sir, I cannot say; but if one can learn at all, I think we can teach him to his satisfaction and that of his friends." "That is talk enough; I'll cum arter the Fairs which I am bound tew go tew. I want tew buy a fine hoss tew show. Mr. Miles, in Jefferson co., Ky., had one that I wanted most prodigiously." "What was his name?" "Refugee." "Oh, yes, he is the finest horse in the United States. But you had better not get a horse until after you finish school, as it will take your mind from your studies, and while at them nothing else should occupy your thoughts. "Wall, now, I'd like tew dew that, but I must have a hoss, and I will lend him tew the General here tew leeshionere on." "Why I was not aware that the General had any electioneering to do." "Yes, siree, I am gwine to run him for office." "What office do you design for our friend?" "Nothin less than Govinor will dew him." A smile passed over the face of them as Gen. Johnson replied, "I should be happy to see my friend in that office, as I know he will fill it with honor." "So dew I. Now, I'd like to see that ere school house." "Certainly, sir, I will conduct you with the greatest pleasure." They took the college hill cars and started for the beautiful grounds. On their arrival they were met by Dr. J. B. Lindsley, Professor of the Medical College, and Jonathan was so pleased with that gentleman that he resolved to attend himself, saying "he always wanted tew be a doctor, but as he had to learn so much before he could go himself he'd send a young man who had good larnin, but no money. He used to steal half of his mamma's doe tew make pills and stick em down the gals throats a playin doctor." "I should be happy to receive your friend and make him a true son of Esculapius." "Whew! who in thunder is that?" said our astonished Jonathan. "He was the best physician of antiquity." "And what State is that town in? I've never hearn tell of that old fellow, or his town." Upon this they all burst into a general laugh and told Jonathan that when he left school he would understand all of those things perfectly. "Wall, I always know'd I was a fool but I gess I'll make Peggy's eyes snap with my book larnin yet." "We have no doubt but you will;" and they settled the terms of his friend's tuition.

"Mr. Dr., as soon as that fellow has done with this ere doctor schule I will set him up in a doctor's shop." "You are certainly kind in that and it will afford you great happiness, for there is no pleasure so great as having done a good deed. I will recommend a place for you to purchase your drugs," said Mr. Lindsley, "Messrs. Pemberton, Taylor, & Co." "Wall, mister, tell us who Messrs. Pemberton, Taylor & Co. are?" "They have a very large Wholesale Drug House in Atlanta, Ga. You will find everything that a druggist will need in their grand establishment, and as cheap as can be bought in any Northern city. You will find them the most pleasant and affable gentlemen you ever met. There you can refresh yourself with the

sparkling soda from their Arctic Fountain." "That is the coon for me to tree. I'll go for him sartin." "So you must, and send all your acquaintances." "I'll dew it." They made their way to Church St. Here they saw a sign of wire that took the eye of Jonathan. "Look here, Gen'l, what kind of a show is in here." "Show! I see none, where do you mean?" "Why, there, don't you see," pointing to the sign which swings gracefully



SINGER'S
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 156 Church St.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

over the door. "Oh, you mean Sewing Machines?" "Now, I've hearn tell of them things, but I never seed one." They entered, and Jonathan sees several pretty girls at

work. They are very polite, offer to show him the mysteries of the little table, which puzzle him as much as the magic lamp of Aladin. "Whew! I never did, did you? Why, that beats Russel's Thrasher all tew smash. Dad's got one of them and they are tarnal good, can't be beat." Mr. Carpenter, who is a very gentlemanly person, steps forward and explains that the Singer Machine cannot be beat, and the lady shows him how pretty it works, and he thinks that Russel's Thrasher and that Machine can be justly said to be the best in use. "This will do nearly everything that can be done by hand." "You don't say so?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I gess I will buy one tew send to my sister." "That is right. You are not a married man then?" "No, siree, I gess I aint," said he, cutting his eye at the handsome operator by side. "Can you send this, mister?" "Certainly."

"They left for CHATTANOOGA DEPOT; here they met Eugene Smith, the gentlemanly Ticket Agent, who took them up to see E. W. Cole, the President of that road, and Mr. Thomas, the Superintendent, also Mr. Flippin, the Book-keeper. Jonathan looked around with surprise, to see what order everything was in, and how much at ease these gentlemen were in their respective offices." "Look here, Mister, is this the way you run this machine? I'll be concerned if one of you are sweatin' a tarnal bit this hot day, and the train is pleggy nigh of." "This is the way the officers manage the road, and I am happy to state, we have very efficient men in these important offices," said Gen. Brown. "Wall, they dew it as easily as courtin' a gal, and a pledged site easier than I courted Peg." After some few enquiries about shipping his horse and the satisfactory replies, they left the offices, and took their seats in the comfortable car for Murfreesboro. On arriving at Murfreesboro, Gen. Brown conducted Jonathan to the STONE RIVER UTILITY WORKS; here he found Major D. H. C. Spence, Superintendent. He greeted the General with great cordiality. Jonathan took lively interest in everything that *was proposed to him*." "Mister, I guess you've got a big *factory*, and I want to see it." "With pleasure," said the polite Superintendent. "Come this way." Jonathan and his companion followed into a large shop where they were making RED CEDAR WARE, bound in brass, that glittered like gold. Examining them he concluded to purchase



a churn as gift to Peggy. Mr. Spence remarked: "We are willing to guarantee ours *superior in finish, material, workmanship and findings* to any made elsewhere, and we expect to produce and sell large quantities. We have the largest Red Cedar Factory in the world." "Whar dew you sell most of your wares?" "From New York to New Orleans, and it has been *uniformly conceded to excel all others ever made*, and we mean to keep the standard up. *Every piece warranted.*" The amount of our sales for twelve months is \$81,000 60; the Plaining Mill department, and we have a large one, has been \$6,452 81; net profits for six months from January 1st, to July 1st, \$6,901 74, or at the rate of 38 per cent. per annum, for three years."

They took the N. & C. R. R. for Chattanooga. When they neared the long tunnel, before they reached Stevenson, Gen. B. took Jonathan out upon the platform of the last car, that he might see the grandeur of that piece of workmanship. The tunnel is under the Cumberland Mountain, and one of the grandest sights in the world, is to view the departing rays of the king of day, in all of his regal splendor, from the mouth of the tunnel. Few witness this rich treat as a cold fear steals over them as they approach the huge structure of earth and art. They do not appreciate them as they should. At Stevenson they took the Memphis and Charleston cars, laden with a merry party just returning from Bailey's Springs." "Hallo, General, whar did all these fellows and gals cum from?" "Bailey's Springs." "Whar is that?" "They are in Lauderdale county, Ala., six miles from Florence, a delightful resort in the summer, and the *best water in the world.*" "I guess they have lots of folks thar." "Yes, a great many. Oh, I see a friend from Iuka Springs. I will speak to him." "Whar is that place." It is in Mississippi, and on the M. & C. R. R." "What kind of water is there?" "Sulphur." "I guess I'd not like that." "Many do, and find it fine." Jonathan was struck with the sublime scenery that borders that road, on

either side huge mountains raise their hoary heads, while broad valleys waving in corn, cotton and shiefs of golden wheat glistened in the sun. He exclaimed: "Why, this beats everything I ever seed."

The Rolling Water, iron R. R. bridge, built by Grant Wilkins, is one of the strongest structures in the United States. "You see what an immense amount of coal we have." "I'll be switched if I knoed Tennessee had all them things." "Not only Tennessee, but all of these States." "Hallo, General, what concerned big mountain is this?" "Lookout." "And here is the cave and blowing spring." "Jewhiliky, that is the bigest hole I ever seed, and the highest mountain." By this time they came into Chattannooga, took rooms at Mrs. Lodar's private boarding-house. [Mr. Stanton has not completed *Lookout House*, one of the finest in the South.] "We will call upon that gentlemen. He has imported a great number of 'Coolies' to build his new road." "Whare did he get 'em from?" "China." "I want tew see them fellows." "Very well." The next day they called on Mr. Stanton, and were introduced to Major Carlyle, Mr. Weaver, the Superintendent, and Mr. Sevier, the Treasurer. General Brown then informed them that Jonathan wished to know something of railroads and the country.



The Alabama and Chattannooga Railroad runs from Chattanooga to Meridian, Mississippi; length 300 miles; it is part of the Great Southern Mail Route, from New York to New Orleans, and when constructed it will decrease the distance between these points about 100 miles. At Chattanooga it connects with the Nashville and Chattanooga, Memphis and Charleston, East Tennessee and Georgia, Western and Atlantic, and with the proposed Cincinnati and Chattanooga Railroads; at Gadsden it connects with the East Alabama and Cincinnati, opening up the country in the direction of Opelika, Alabama; at Elyton it connects with the South and North Alabama Railroad, connecting with Montgomery and Mobile by a direct line; at Eufaula it connects with the Selma, Marion and Memphis Railroad, receiving therefrom,

the products of the richest cotton country in the South. At Meridian, it connects with the Mobile and Ohio, the Vicksburg and Meridian and the Selma and Meridian Railroads. The general course is a direct line from northeast to southwest; and at Elyton it runs through the most beautiful valleys in the South, bounded on either side by the Lookout and Sand ranges of mountains, which are teeming with the finest coal and iron fields in the world. Sulphur and Chalybeate springs are frequently found in the immediate neighborhood of the road.

Jonathan and Gen. Brown go over the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad. As they went round the foot of "old Lookout," the General told Jonathan the story of Old Holman, who lived alone upon the mountain in years gone by. When Gen. Harrison was running for the Presidency, Mr. Long and some other young men got Old Holman to collect an immense pile of pine knots on the Point for a large bonfire. Soon after dark—and it was dark, for neither moon nor stars shone in the firmament—there sat the old man, who was nick-named "Daniel Boon" ["Look here, I should think Robinson Crusoe would of been a darned sight nearer his name," said Jonathan, with a knowing wink] with his torch ready to light, when the signal was given from Cameron Hill. The moment the old hermit was signaled, he fired his pile, and the flames lit up the very heavens. On the Wills Valley side a lot of wagoners was camped. Not knowing of Old Holman's residence upon the mountain, and having heard of volcanoes spitting fire, they concluded that such was the case, and they pulled up stakes and left hastily, thinking that they were soon to be buried in the dust and ashes of an eruption. You can see the dark spots now upon the rock.

"When we go to the Fair at Atlanta, I must see Pemberton, Taylor & Co., and get some of their Cough medicine. Dad has a tarnal bad cold; I want a bottle of their Globe Flower Syrup that cures Ephrahamenza." "I never heard of that disease before," said Gen. A. H. Colquitt. "Oh he means Influenza," said Gen. Brown. By this time they had reached the terminus of the road. Here they found Mr. Stanton's workmen hard at it, as clean as a pin and as happy as a "bug in a rug." Jonathan looked on in silence for some time. Then he addressed Mr. Stanton: "Look here, mister, whar did them fellers cum from; they work like thun-

der, golly, can't they make the dirt fly?" "I had them imported, to finish this Road, and they work well; are sober, clean, and the most industrious men in the world." "What kind of lingo is that they are spoutin'?" "Their native language." "How on arth dew you understand that gibberish?" "Oh, we have two interpreters who do all the talking." "I'll be darned if thar throtes musent get sore talkin' for all them black birds." "Yes, and we give them a few doses of Globe Flower Syrup which alleviates the throat, and they go on." "That must be a tarnal good thing." "It certainly is one of the best remedies set before the public. Pemberton, Taylor & Co. make

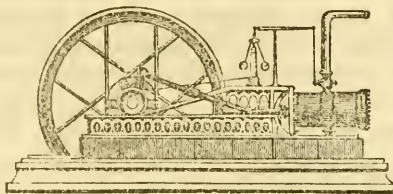
A FAIR OFFER.

"The Proprietors of the 'Globe Flower Cough Syrup' agree to repay the price to all who try the Remedy and receive from it no benefit. Thus, if it does no good it costs nothing, and if it cures, of course one is satisfied."

"Mister, aint them fellers heathen?" "Yes, sir, I presume they are, as they have their gods and worship them with great devotion." "Now, squire, I'll tell you what tew dew with them fellers as soon as yer Railroad is done." "Well, sir, I would like to hear your views of a favorable disposition of them." "Send half of 'em to Congress and a part of the others tew the legislater, and I'll take the rest tew work on my farm in Tennessee." This caused a laugh which Jonathan enjoyed very much. Mr. S. being very much amused with Jonathan determined to carry out the joke. "Why send them to Congress; that certainly seems a singular idea?" "Why, you see squire, that everybody must go to Congress or the legislater tew larn devilment, and you say these fellers are free from that accomplishment, and that is the easiest way to larn. But, squire, don't send 'em until yer road is done, and be shure that you don't let these tarnal fellers pisen ther minds with the idea of it. If yer do, I'll be smashed if yer don't have tew import another batch of 'em tew finish off." "I thank you for your timely advice," said Mr. S. shaking with laughter, "but as they do not speak the language I have no fear that they will be corrupted." "Now, you look out for them fellers, or they will be off sartin, and that will leave you flat smash dab, case you can't gobble like them." This remark caused a general laugh with the whole

party. They all went up to the new hotel and partook of a good dinner, such as is seldom found upon the Railroad. After looking around they returned to Chattanooga, well satisfied with their trip, things being in the best order as every thing is that Mr. Stanton manages.

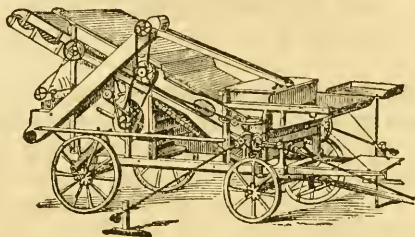
On their arrival at Chattanooga they took a walk. Hearing a Circular Saw Jonathan was attracted by the sound, and they went in. Messrs. Masters & Co. met them at the door.



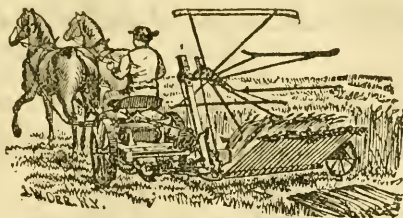
They are very polite gentlemen, formerly of Kentucky. "How are you gentlemen? walk in; anything I can show you in my line I will take great pleasure in doing so; walk this way." "Yes, sircce, we want to see what you have got and what you dew." "I will show you my shop and goods with pleasure. We are Carpenters and Builders, Sash, Door and Blind Factors." "What is your number? You see, I wan't tew larn all these places, case I shall want tew fix the things up myself arter awhile." "Our number is 50, West Chestnut Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.; and we fix up stores; also, jobbing promptly attended to. Sash, doors, blinds and mouldings at all times." They looked through Mr. Masters large stock of goods and were satisfied that he ought to have, great sales in East Tennessee. As they bid Mr. Masters good-day and walked along the streets, Jonathan, who began to feel rather hungry, and being blessed with extreme good smellers he exclaims, "what is that which smells so tarnal good?" "Why," replied the General, "it is George Jack's fresh baked goodies." "Whar is George Jack's place?" "On Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.," said the General, with a laugh that caused Jonathan's mouth to water for some of the good things in Mr. Jack's establishment. "How far is it from here?" "About 132 miles." "Wall, I gess that feller noes how tew cook." By this time they had arrived at Geo. Rubel's Agricultural House, corner of Market and Eighth st., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Hallo, mister, how are you old feller," said Jonathan, entering the large ware-house of the above gentleman, who politely received the strangers. Gen. Brown informed him that his friend wished to see his large assortment of agricultural implements. While the wily Jonathan informed Mr. Ruble that he intended to run the General for the next Governor of Tennessee, for said he, poking his fingers into Mr. Rubel's side, "he is a bully-boy, and will dew the thing up in 'Shoo-fly' style." "I have no doubt of that, sir," said the surprised Ruble. Jonathan seeing him still look wnderingly, contiued, "he's bin reconstructed and re-organized, he's bin tew Indianna and I'll be darned if the trip didn't dew it."

They now neared a large Threshing Machine, with



Three-Hitch Gearing, showing tumbling-shaft connections at side and end. Separators-Three-Hitch Gearing-Double Fan, with tumbling-shafts attached. "Hallo, General, is this the house you told me of, when you was at dad's?" "Yes, sir." "You sed it was a big one, and it is the biggest one that I ever seed. Why you can't hardly see tew the back of it, and what a lot of machinery you have got thar." "I have everything that a farmer can need. This is the Truck Wagon, handy on the farm. The Jack or Band Wheel is the Band Jack for Belt Machines, Straw Stacker. This Stacker will carry the straw and chaff 16 or 20 feet from the Machine." He saw another piece, Mr. Ruble tells him it is a Double Pinion Horse-Power. This one is four and six horse-power, with reversible spring coupling.



RUSSELL REAPER.

By a very simple but complete arrangement, the Reaper Bar, with Dropping attachment, can be folded in the rear of the Machine, (without taking off the reel or its parts,) for the convenience of passing through and over narrow gates, roads or bridges. I also have a list of repairs for Russell's Iron Frame Senior Mower, and the Russell's Senior Reaper; Russell's Iron Frame Light Senior Mower; Russell's Light Senior Reaper; Russell's Iron Frame Junior Mower and Russell's Junior Reaper. If a machine breaks, send the number of the broken piece and of the machine, and I will fix it up all right. For list of repairs or a catalogue of machinery, address

GEO. S. RUBLE.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

They now hastened to the depot, and took their seats in the luxuriant car, upon the Western and Atlantic Railroad, and departed for Dalton. On arriving there, they found everything astir. Jonathan had a bad cold, and he sent to Pemberton, Taylor, & Co., for a box of remedies.

The Fair was on hand.

As Jonathan and Gen. Brown walked along the crowded walks of the Dalton Fair they heard that one was in progress at Cartersville, Ga. "Now, that is a tarnal bad arraignment, General, tew have two of 'em at one time." "Yes, that is unfortunate," "but this is a new thing. Next year we will do better. Mr. Palmer is the accomplished Secretary of the North Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical Association at Dalton, Ga. We must go down." "Sartin as bees suck hunny we'll go on the next train. I say, General, ain't them Captains on these trains tarnal perlite? I seed 'em take all the gals'perlises and the old 'omans' babies jist as natral as if they war ther own." "Yes, very polite gentlemen." By this time they were on the car to the

FIRST ANNUAL FAIR

OF THE

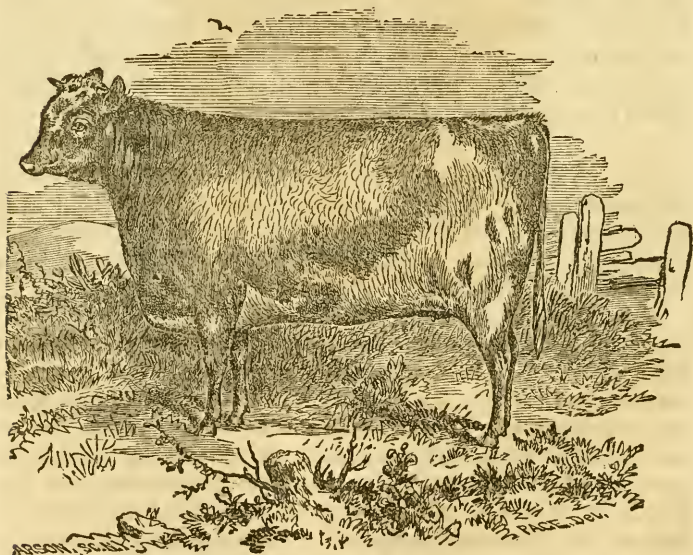
NORTH GEORGIA

Agricultural and Mechanical Association,
DALTON, GEORGIA.

Wednesday, the 5th day of October next, and
continue four consecutive days.

OFFICERS:—Col. William H. Tibb, President; Captain
Pierce Horne, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS:—Dr. L. A. Folsom, Superintendent; L. D.
Palmer, Secretary; Maj. T. H. Pitner; Col. Ben. E. Green,
Martin F. Prater.



We take pleasure in informing you that the *North Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical Association* have purchased a beautiful tract of land lying near Dalton, and immediately on the line of the E. T. & G. Railroad, which they are improving and getting in readiness for the first Annual Fair

and Premium Exhibition. The Premium List will be as full and as complete as we can make.



Premium List and Rules and Regulations similar to those governing other Fairs. No better place for the Mechanic and Agriculturist to display his skill, wares and stock, than in this country, where desolation swept it clean. Nothern and Western men look to your interest, come and show at these Fairs. We will assure you a hearty welcome, and do all, in our power, to render your stay pleasant and beneficial, and will stand between you and all the Ku-Klux of Georgia.

Gen. Brown and Jonathan next went to

T H H
CHEROKEE MANUFACTURING

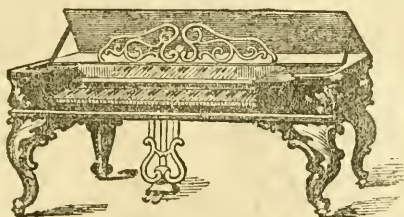


COMPANY,
Dalton, Georgia,

Bureaus, Bedsteads and Wardrobes.

Here they were perfectly surprised at the great amount of all kinds of furniture, made at that place, and the taste displayed by these enterprising men. Nothing could be better adapted to that country than the above Company—nor needed more. Jonathan was happy to learn they were doing well. “I guess you deserve it, and long may you saw, plane, make and sell the pesky stuff,” said he. As they walked around the Fair Grounds, they were attracted by a piano. “Hallo, General, what is this confounded thing.

with legums, and all these white teeth grinnin' at me?" It had so happened that Jonathan had never seen a



and did not know what it was, and when Gen. Brown sat down and struck up the air of sweet home, tears come into Jonathan's eyes, and he resolved to buy one. "Whar can I get one of them grinnin' machines?" At

H. T. PHILLIPS.

B. B. CREW.

PHILLIPS & CREW,

AGENTS FOR

Knabe and other Pianos,

FROM 300 TO 1500 DOLLARS,

ALSO,

MASON AND HAMLIN'S ORGANS,

*Corner of Marietta and Peachtree Streets, between the State
House and the H. I. Kimball House,*

A T L A N T A , G A .

Organs and Pianos Repaired and Tuned.

MCBRIDE & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

We have taken the highest premiums

SILVER NICKEL WARE,

AT EVERY

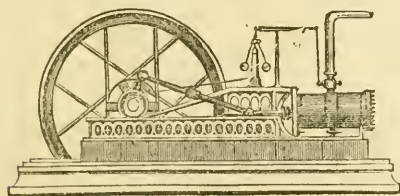
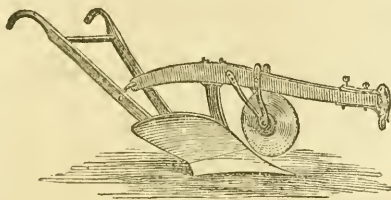
STATE AND COUNTY FAIR

where we have exhibited our goods. A splendid stock of goods for Hotel, Restaurant and Bar-Keeper.

MECHANICS & FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

—♦♦♦—
GEO. RUBLE & CO'S
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND WORKSHOPS,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

CAST AND SILVER STEEL CLIPPER PLOW.



THE CELEBRATED STUDEBAKER WAGON.

ALSO

CURETON'S CARDING MACHINE,

(Of Trenton, Georgia.)

All kinds of castings for repairs, constantly kept on hand.
Also, Dealers in Fertilizers, Field Seeds, etc.

For further information, send for Agricultural Circular to
GEO. S. RUBLE & CO.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

GEORGE SHARP, Jr., Atlanta, Georgia.

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THE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN BRADLY.

BARTOW COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1870.

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION TO COMMENCE ON
TUESDAY, 4TH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT,
AND CONTINUING FOUR DAYS AT
CARTERSVILLE, GA.

OFFICERS.

ABDA JOHNSON, - - - - PRESIDENT.
D. W. K. PEACOCK, - SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

The grounds are on the Van Wert Railroad, and in full view of both the C. & V. W. R. R. and the W. & A. R. R.



The approaches are by the Cartersville and Van Wert Railroad, the Cassville Road, and Erwin Street.

Our Buildings, Fencing, &c., will be new, neat and substantial, and our track will be equal to any in the State.

Sale of Stock and other Articles every day.

BARTOW FAIR.



GEORGE SHARP, Jr., Atlanta, Georgia,

30

THE AVENTURES OF JONATHAN BRADLY.

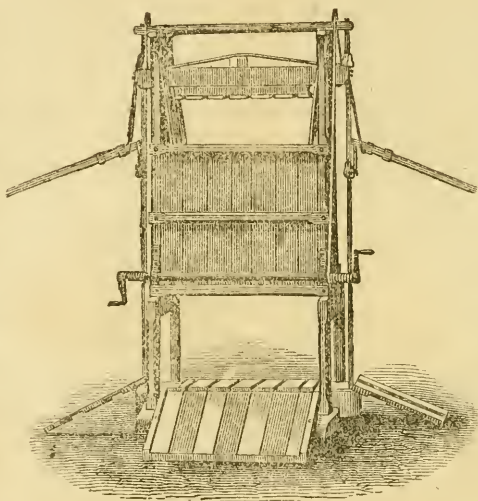
GLENN & WRIGHT

ATLANTA, GA.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE CELEBRATED

AND

UTLEY COTTON



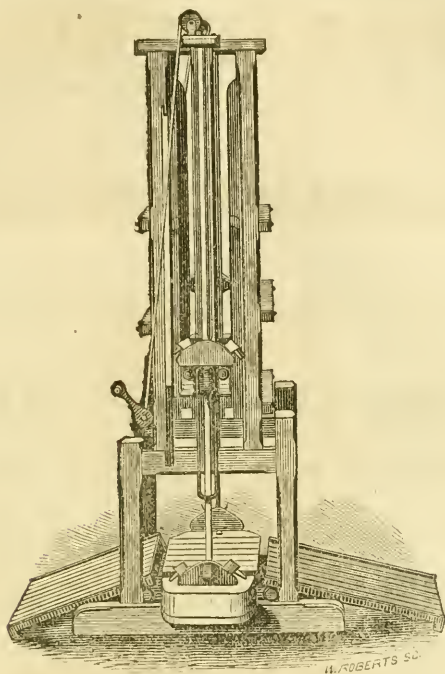
HAY PRESS.

AND

STUMP PULLER.

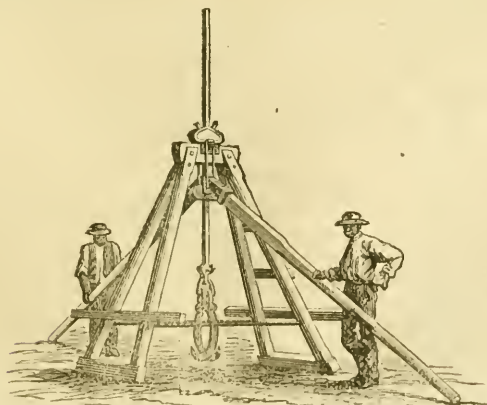
Also the Atlanta Acid and Fertilizing Company's Pure Ground Raw and Dissolved Bones, and Bone Flour. Mineral Paints of variety, and unequalled in excellence.

Our friend Jonathan was introduced to these gentlemen, and upon examination of the machinery and fertilizers they are introducing to the farmers of the South, concluded as every other sensible person does, that their machinery and fertilizers are the best before the public.



THE COTTON PRESS

Is certainly without an equal, and is bound to supersede all other patents now in use.



THE STUMP PULLER

Was particularly attractive to Jonathan, and he concluded to take one, and at the Fair will take the stump against the world.

Southern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

S. B. Robson, Agent, for the State of Georgia.

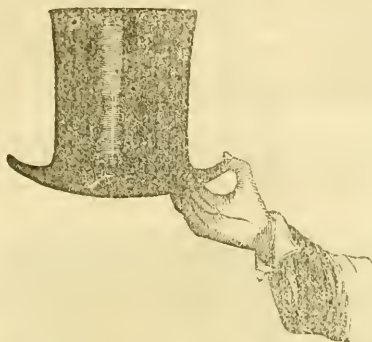
OFFICE, Forsyth St., near the Capital,

(WITH GLENN & WRIGHT,)

ATLANTA, GA.

This Company is in Louisville, Ky., and is one of the strongest in the United States. Its Stockholders are blue grass farmers. The authoress of this book took a policy in this company in 1868, and in the St. Louis Mutual, and brought out her book "Kernwood," J. P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, publishers. Thus a person may be benefited by a life insurance policy during life. Jonathan had insured when he met Mr. S. B. Robson, Georgia State Agent, but took another, and strongly advises "Bill Arp" to do the same. He says he keeps up his policies so as to be enabled to pay his debts after death and provide his funeral expenses.

OFFICERS:—J. Lawrence Smith, President; J. H. Lindemberger, Vice-President; J. B. Temple, Second Vice-President; L. T. Thustin, Secretary; John B. Smith, Treasurer; S. T. Wilson, General Agent; W. E. Harvey, Consulting Actuary; W. F. Barret, Legal Adviser.



J. M. HOLBROOK

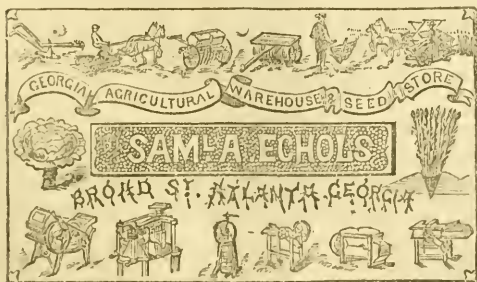
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Furs, Wool, Straw, Misses' and Ladies' Hats.

TRUNKS, VALISES, CANES AND UMBRELLAS,

40 WHITEHALL STREET,

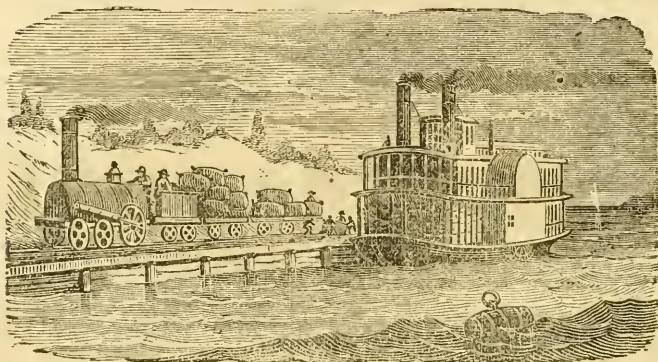
ATLANTA, GA.



At Kingston take the Rome Railroad to Rome.



AGRICULTURAL FAIR ASSOCIATION,



For the Cherokee Country of Georgia and Alabama
(SECOND ANNUAL FAIR,)

TO BE HELD AT

ROME, GEORGIA,

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,
the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of October, 1870.

Joint Stock Company, Organized July 9, 1869.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

A. A. JONES, President,	J. H. DENT,
G. S. BLACK, Vice Pres't,	C. W. SPROULL,
B. F. JONES, Secretary,	J. A. STEWART,
WM. H. JONES,	C. H. SMITH,
J. W. TURNER,	W. F. AYER,
M. DWINELL,	DR. J. P. RALLS,
C. C. CLEGHORN,	W. HENRY STILES,
M. H. BUNN.	

The grounds of this Agricultural Fair Association, for the Cherokee Country of Georgia and Alabama, are situated on the Rome and Cave Spring road, one mile South-West of Rome, Floyd county, Ga., within four hundred yards of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, and bounded on the South side by Silver Creek, and on the North side, by a high bluff grove.



THE TOURNAMENT.

After premiums are awarded on the fourth day, the exhibitions will be concluded with a Grand Tournament. Entrance fee \$10. 1st prize, plate, \$30. 2d prize, plate, \$20. Five or more to ride.

While Jonathan and Gen. Brown drove around to view this Fair and proceedings which were pointed out by "Bill Arp, so-called," they were astonished to see the magnificent display, and are highly delighted to think that old Georgia is such a live State, and that they can get up such fine Fairs as the approaching ones will be, and those of last year. George Sharp is the jeweler to this, as well as the State Fair, so "Bill Arp" says, and he ought to know. Exhibitors and visitors from West Point, LaGrange and Newnan can take the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, make a connection



with Western and Atlantic Railroad, and all other roads at the same rates as other railroads. Friends from all points of the compass expected.

GEORGE SHARP, Jr., Atlanta, Georgia,

36

THE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN BRADLY.

**CHEMICAL MANUFACTURES,
MEDICINES, OILS, CEMENT, &C.**

CORNER DECATUR AND PEACHTREE STS.

LABORATORY OF PEMBERTON, TAYLOR & CO.,

PHARMACEUTICAL & ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.



ATLANTA, GA.

WHOLESALE DRUG & CHEMICAL HOUSE.

PEMBERTON, TAYLOR & CO.,

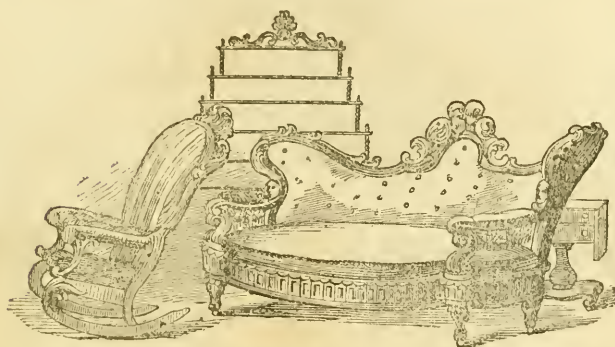
Manufacturers of Fine Chemicals, Pharmaceuticals and Perfumery.
Proprietors of the Celebrated Lung Remedy, Globe Flower, Cough Syrup,
Compound Extract of Stillingia, Dr. Taylor's Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir,
Land's Standard Photographic Chemicals, &c.

Call and examine Stock and Prices, or send for Price-List.

MAMMOTH FURNITURE HOUSE.

RONDEAU & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN



FURNITURE,

No. 15 Decatur Street, Opposite H. I. Kimball House,
ATLANTA, GA.

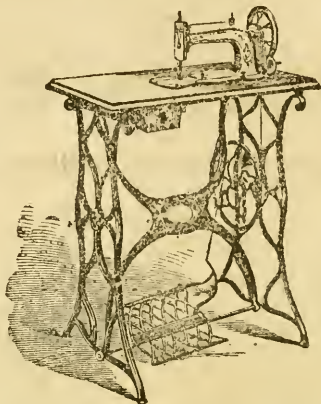
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO DEALERS.

H. MASTER & CO.,

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE,

Carpenters and Builders

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



New Family Sewing Machines.

NO. 156 CHURCH ST.,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Jonathan and Gen. Brown came along the Western and Atlantic Railroad until they arrived at Calhoun. Here they went and bought 100 tickets in the following grand scheme, which is sure and safe:

\$30,000 00

Grand Raffle and sale of Real Estate and Personal Property! In Calhoun, Ga., October 24th, 1870. Tickets One Dollar! Every Ticket Guaranteed a Prize! No Stockholder permitted to purchase or be interested in a ticket! Never before in the memory of man, was there such inducements offered to People everywhere to make their Thousands on the investment of one dollar. There is nothing lost and thousands to be gained by purchasing tickets. Look to your interest and let every man woman and child have a ticket, or tickets, before the time appointed for Raffle. Only one dollar for a ticket.

LIST OF ARTICLES TO BE RAFFLED FOR :

1st CAPITAL PRIZE—One Plantation lying on Coosawattee River, well improved, and in a high state of cultivation, valued at..	\$6,000
2nd Prize—One Lot Creek Bottom Land, on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, well timbered, valued at	3,000
3d Prize—One small River Farm, within a half a mile of the Depot at Calhoun, valued at.....	2,000
4th Prize—One house and Lot in the town of Calhoun, on Railroad Street, fronting Depot, eligibly located	2,000
5th Prize—One Livery and Sale Stable and Lot, new building, put up upon the most modern improvements, ...	2,000
6th Prize—One Large Dwelling, 2 acre lot, good well water and all necessary out buildings.....	2,000
7th Prize—One 6 room Dwelling, acre lot, near Court House,....	1,500
8th Prize—One pair very large, extra fine, young mules, Carriage and Harness, all new	1,200
9th Prize—One Lot and Dwelling near Calhoun Hotel.....	1,000
10th Prize—One Business House and lot on Railroad street,....	1,000
11th Prize—“ “ “ “ “ “	1,000
12th Prize—One pair fine Match Horses,.....	600
13th Prize—One pair fine match Horses, ...	500
14th Prize—One lot and stable fronting Wall street,.....	500
15th Prize—One house and lot near the Academy, ...	500
16th Prize—160 acres of land in Gilmer county, ...	400
17th Prize—One fine buggy, harness, &c., ...	350
18th Prize—“ “ “ “	325
19th Prize—“ “ “ “	300
20th Prize—“ “ “ “	275
21st Prize—One new iron-axle Wagon, coach harness, &c.,.....	275
22nd Prize—“ “ “ “ “ “	250

Also 29,780 Prizes consisting of all articles kept in a first class store, such as Watches, Saddles, Boots, Hats and other articles too numerous to mention. Prizes valued at from \$1,000 to \$6,000.

There will be 30,000 tickets issued and sold. Every ticket will be duplicated, the purchaser holding one, the other to be filed in the office. On the day of the Raffle the 30,000 duplicate tickets will be placed in a wheel, and the three first drawn out will be entitled to Raffle for the highest prize, and the two remaining tickets will be placed in wheel No. 2. Wheel No. 1 will again be turned, and the next three tickets drawn will be entitled to raffle for the 2d prize, and the two remaining tickets will also be placed in wheel No. 2; and so it will proceed until wheel No. 1 is emptied of all tickets; then wheel No. 2 will be turned and drawn from the same as No. 1, and the remaining two tickets, after each drawn, will be placed in wheel No. 1; and so continue to draw from wheel Nos. 1 and 2 until the 30,000 tickets are drawn; thereby giving each and every one a chance and a prize.

The Raffle will be conducted with six dice, thrown from one box, at the same time. In the event there be a tie between the contestants, a throw from each will determine the fortunate one.

Refer to W. H. Dabney, Atlanta, Ga.; Col. R. M. Young, Calhoun, Ga.; H. C. Hunt, Clerk Superior Court; D. W. Neel Ordinary, and other County Officers of Gordon County.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

For every Ten Tickets sold, the Agent will be entitled to one Extra Ticket. Send for Circular and Tickets.

Money sent for Tickets by express or registered letter (if by mail at sender's risk) will be promptly attended to.

All communications, or orders, enclosing stamp, should be addressed to

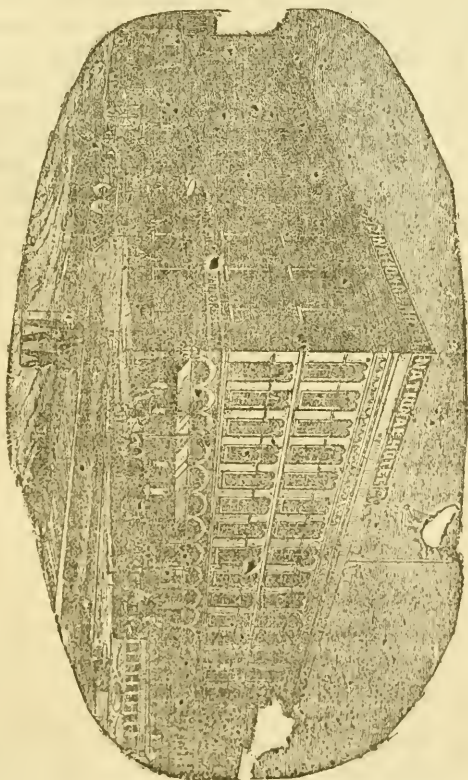
H. K. HICKS & CO.,

Managing Agents, Calhoun, Ga.

After Jonathan had enjoyed the Fair to his heart's content, and as he had been cured of his cold, he sent the box of medicines to his friend in Indiana, who was to attend the Lectures at the Medical College, Nashville, Tenn. Jonathan's friend became very celebrated in curing consumption, colds, coughs, asthma, &c., by using the Globe Flower Cough Syrup made by Pemberton, Taylor & Co. He makes several wonderful cures of dyspepsia and liver complaint with Dr. Taylor's Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir. His friend made two thousand dollars, and performed several miraculous cures of scrofula, white swelling, chronic rheumatism, gout, &c., with the great Blood Purifier and Health Restorer, and Compound Extract of Stillingia made in the Chemical Laboratory of Pemberton, Taylor & Co.

Seated again in the cars on the Western and Atlantic Railroad they sped on their way. Soon they arrived at Marietta, Ga., and here called upon Mr. Anderson, who keeps a Livery Stable, procured two fine horses and went to visit the grim old brow of Kennesaw, and also, the cemetery; after which they returned their horses to the polite owner and left for Atlanta. As it was night, all, save Jonathan, were in the land of Nod, and indeed they did nod as they neared the city. A bright light and clouds of smoke rose in dense volumes, while the flames glared at a stupendous height. "Fire! fire! fire!" shouted Jonathan, at the pitch of his voice. At the alarm every one jumped out of his bed, for they were in the sleeping car, and enquired

"what is on fire, who is on fire, and what is the matter?" He continued to shout fire at the pitch of his voice until the last one was dressed. General Brown looked in the direction pointed by Jonathan and saw very much to his amusement that it was only the Scofield Rolling Mill, Atlanta, Ga., which manufactures all kinds of Railroad and Bar Iron, Spikes, Plow Steel, Castings, Grates, &c., of which Messrs. L. Scofield, is President, W. D. Cook, Secretary and Treasurer, and J. D. Gray, General Agent. Ascertaining the cause of the alarm the passengers felt in no good mood with the horrid greenhorn who had broken their morning nap. But he cousoled them by telling them "he gessed it was time they were up any how, it want helthy tew sleep catchin flies; he gessed they would have a better stomach for breakfast." On arriving they went to the National Hotel, which Jonathan



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mistook for the State House and Mr. L. Pond for the Governor, and Mr. Beach for a Presbyterian minister, and Mr. E. Pond for Clerk of the Senate. He pulled off his old hat with great respect to them much to the amusement of the crowd around him. After breakfast they sallied out to see the sights and get a new hat. They went straight to

40 WHITEHALL STREET,

where they found all kinds of hats. Jonathan seeing some strange looking cross boxes mistook them for the pattern of a new hat to ride the velocipede with and having an ambition to ride the wooden horse, thrust his head into one, greatly to the amusement of the crowd. He tried on a good many hats. At last one suited him. He turned to Mr. Holbrook and the General, and with a sly twinkle of his eye said, "I gess if Peggy Dayton was to see me now she'd think I looked as well as Jim Lethers who wore a slick hat that he bought with the life Insurance his dad's death give to the old 'oman, I noed something was rong and it has been this *durned old hat*," and gave it a kick and took a lively step around, looking in the glass. He bid Mr. Holbrook good day and went to see Gen. J. B. Gordon to get his life insured. Every man walks up to him and says, "excuse me, where did you get that hat?" "At 40 Whitehall street, sir; you will find a plenty just like it ther." He goes on and enters the Atlanta Department of the

SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.



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Jonathan gets his life insured and then comes out. Meets Dr. Stout and Mr. Toon, who join them in a short walk to McBride's.

As Jonathan and the General, in company with Dr. Stout, were winding their way along the corner of Broad and Marietta streets, Jonathan saw a sign that struck his vision. "Thusly:" McBride & Co. "Look here, Mister, I want tew know who that fellow McBride & Co. is. I see his name everywhere, and any fellow what has *got such a name must be some pumpkins.*" "Certainly, we will go in, said Dr. Stout, who, at this moment, met Dr. Pemberton; afer a

shake of the hand, Gen. Brown told him that was the gentleman spoken of by Generals Smith and Johnson, at Nashville." "Oh, I remember." "How are you, old fellow," said he, grasping his hand, "I here say, that you are the greatest man of the day; that you cure more people with your *Globe Flower Cough Syrup*, than all the doctors in the country." By this time they had entered the store of McBride & Co. Here he read: Patent Improved Eureka Condensing Coffee Pot. Jonathan now became confused, he had never seen such a great display of *Crockery Glass, China and Plated-Ware*, with all the cutlery necessary to fix out housekeeping. Oh, how he did wish Peggy was with him, to see all these pretty things. "But", said he, "I'll buy some and send my sister and mother." As he was about to do so, Mr. McBride invited him to walk with him around to his other store. "Got another as big as this, je-whil-i-ky, what a fellow you are, and whar is the tother store?" "On the corner of Whitehall and Hunter Sts." "Look here, Mister, what kind of a thing is that Eureka, concerned, Coffee Pot?" "Why, sir, the "Eureka" needs no commendation. It is simple, cheap and complete. It will save fully thirty per cent. of coffee. Buy one, try it, if you are not pleased, return it to the agent and get your money." "I'll dew it." "We want agents in every county in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi," continued Mr. McBride. Jonathan purchased liberally of everything, and had them packed and sent to his home, in the far West, where few such comforts are known.

After Jonathan had insured his life, he felt that he'd live twenty years longer than he otherwise would have done. But feeling in need of cooling off, somewhat, he concluded to hunt up Mr. G. W. Jack, whose viands had not ceased to blow upon his nostrils since he left Chattanooga. "I say, General, let us go to see that feller that has them goodies what I smelt, up in Chattanooga." "Very well." At Mr. Jacks, they found the most delicious Ice Cream, in a handsome, cool room: after they had eaten their fill, they started out to hunt furniture, as Jonathan was desirous of sending home a handsome set, Gen. Brown told him that he could take him to a friend of his, who would do the right thing by him. So they wend their way to Rondeau & Co., opposite the H. I. Kimball House, on Decatur St. Entering, Jonathan was

struck with the great display of handsome furniture, and at once exclaims: "Mister, I guess you are goin' tew fix up the Lookout tavern, at Chattanooga, haint you? I never seed such a big lot of fine stuff in all my life." Dr. Sells smiled and said, "we should be most happy to furnish his hotel, we can do it as cheap as he can get it in any Northern city, and as well, we have a steam manufactory on the corner of Butler and Harris Sts. Mr. Stanton is the enterprising gentleman, I believe, that is building that fine house, which is so much needed." "Yes, sir-e-e, he's the bully feller that knows how tew make a pavement tew keep a feller's butes from gitting all the blackin' off in that tarnal mud, and how tew dew things, generally, but tew make taverns and railroads, in particlar." Jonathan selected some fine furniture, and after he had bought it, he said: "Look here, Mister, now, I have got the pesky stuff, I don't know what tew dew with it." "Why, send it home." "I guess if you'd see our house you'd think it would look like a saddle on our old Birkshire sow, Mol, that I's goin' tew show at the far." "I'spose you



show lots of stuff on the Far-ground." "Yes, we shall do something in that way."

"Say, mister, who's H. I Kimball?" "I'll take pleasure in informing you: Mr. Kimball is a native of Oxford county, Maine, of highly respectable and influential family, and is now about 38 years of age. His brother, C. P. Kimball, was the nominee of the Democratic party last year for Governor of his native State, but declined to run, in consequence of business engagements.

H. I. Kimball is noted for his enterprise and success. At

an early age he exhibited signal capacity for managing business and men. As early as his 17th year he was master of his trade—carriage-maker—and assumed the management of a manufactory of very considerable magnitude. At nineteen he established a large business in New Haven, Connecticut, where he was immediately followed by three brothers, E. F., H. and E. N. Kimball. The immense establishment of G. & D. Cook & Co. was controlled and directed by the mind of Mr. H. I. Kimball. He was induced by capitalists of New York to leave New Haven and take charge of extensive mining operations in Colorado, which position he resigned in 1866, in consequence of failing health. Soon after, connecting himself with George M. Pullman, in his Sleeping Car enterprise, he came South in 1866 and organized the Pullman & Ramsey Sleeping Car Company. Finding his health much improved by the salubrity of our climate he determined to make Atlanta his home. And, to-day, he is one of our most highly esteemed citizens. Of pleasing address, though apparently thoroughly absorbed in business, he favorably impresses all who meet him. He combines the highest business qualifications with the most desirable social traits. Possessing the happy faculty of keeping his business to himself, no one knows of his contemplated enterprises until his plans are carefully matured. To-day his whole interests are identified with Georgia, and he is doing more to build up her waste places than any of her enterprising citizens. A leading Conservative Journalist, of Georgia, thus truthfully reflects the feelings of the people respecting this gentleman: “shunning politics as a pestilence, and plundering intrigues as a upas of death, he operates upon the hypothesis that Georgia is the most inviting field for legitimate enterprise on the Continent, and with a boldness of conception, and brilliancy of execution that can be inspired only by the hope of monumental glory, and the transmission of a heritage in enduring works for the good of mankind. It matters little where men are born, for great deeds and noble ends, belong to civilization. Such men, Georgia invites to her borders, welcomes to her hospitality and receives as partners in the glorious work of developing her resources. He built and furnished our magnificent State House; he is preparing the State Agricultural Fair Grounds which will be an ornament to the State and South; he is erecting one of the largest and

most beautiful Hotels, to be found on the Continent, in Atlanta. Besides, he is the leading spirit in one or more of our important Railroad lines. His liberality is as great as his enterprise. He is the largest contributor to the cash prize list of our State Agricultural Fair. Such is, in brief, the character of our esteemed fellow-citizen, H. I. Kimball!"

Jonathan next goes to see that enterprising gentleman, Mr. H. I. Kimball. He takes a grand view of the Opera House, and says, "this is the thunderinest biggest house I ever did here tell on." His wonderment did not cease, as he went up the grand staircase to the office of Mr. Kimball, who met him with his usual courtesy, and politely offered him a seat. Here stood Jonathan, with his hands on his knees, half bent, mouth wide open, with his *new hat*, from No. 40, Whitehall St., on the back of his head, staring at Mr. K., who could scarcely restrain his mirth, of which he has a good share. At last, Jonathan exclaimed: "I'll be consarned if you haint a tarnal good lookin' feller, tew be so thunderin' smart. So you are H. I. Kimball—big Ike, by jing—own this uproar house and that big tavern." This was more than Mr. K. could endure, and he broke into an immoderate laugh, and extended his hand to Jonathan with a friendly grasp of welcome, and bid him sit down, and relate some of his adventures. "I seed Stanton, he's a great feller; you jist ought tew see him steppin' round them fellers thar, he's buildin' a tarnal big tavern up in Chattanooga, but not as big as yourn; I did'nt like up thar; came tew Dalton, Cartersville and Rome, and seed Bill Arp up thar, and had a jolly time, then we next cum to Marietty. This town has many rellicks ov the late war grinnin' you in the face; it was thar that we met the smilin' face ov the agent, Judge Greseham. He is fat and well provided for. A cullered citizen cum in tew the car with eggs, briled beef, biskit and koffy. Each biskit had a revnue stamp on it, and the koffy had two to sweeten it with. We like Marietty; its a nice place. We next got tew Kinnysaw. Its historick memories, big rocks and prickly-pares, that stick my fingers now. You are goin' to have a far, haint you?" "Yes sir, I think we will have a fine one." "I guess you will." "Good-day, I'll come some other time." Taking a good look at Mr. K., he went out, saying, "big Ike, sartin as thunder." He next called on Pemberton, Taylor & Co., who were gratefully pleased

to see him. They conducted him all through their fine establishment, presented him with a bottle of perfumery, "Cherokee Rose," all that is pure and sweet, and is the most fragrant and delicate of all perfumes. The "Bridal Boquet," is a rich perfume, highly prized for its great delicacy and excellence. Its pure and refreshing sweetness is a subject of remark by all who have used it. "Boquet of Florida," which Jonathan had scented himself with.

Here we see Gen. Brown and Jonathan on their way to the Fair, going at 2:40 speed.

STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR

To be held at Atlanta, beginning Wednesday, October 19th, and closing October 26th. Organized for 1870.

A well regulated Police will preserve order.

All persons having business with the Society, or wishing information will address the Secretary at Atlanta, Ga.

D. W. LEWIS, *Secretary*.

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Ladies will find here especial accommodations for them, elegant dining rooms and polite and accommodating servants. Many of the first ladies in the country do the establishment the honor of calling and gracing it with their presence.

No bar or public place of drinking is connected with this house. Your special attention is called to this house, first door from the corner of Whitehall street.

They have a large new dining-room, with 49 Marble Tables. The walls of the room all frescoed in oil, with scenes to excite the sportsman to the chase, the Epicure to linger and select what his vacillating appetite may venture upon. Sleeping-room "thereabouts," call for them and you will find them, nice, clean and comfortable. Try them, and see for yourselves. Jonathan has been there, and is satisfied.

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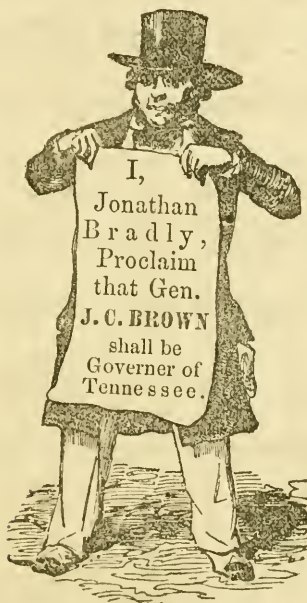
All persons wishing to visit our Fairs from the State Fair of Kentucky, held at Henderson, can do so readily by taking



the Henderson and Nashville Railroad, which is now completed. They will have the opportunity of visiting several large Fairs, and no entry fees at the Georgia State Fairs. We give the list as far as we know them. Jonathan and Gen. Brown took their seats on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad,



and speed to Pulaski, where Jonathan resolves to have his way in *nominating* the General for Governor of the State, so one morning, bright and early, Jonathan arose, and placed himself, "thusly:"



DATES OF HOLDING FAIRS.

Exhibition of Manufacturers Products and Arts, Cincinnati, commences Sept 21.

Tennessee State Fair commences at Nashville, October 3.

Kentucky State Fair commences at Henderson, Ky., October 4.

Bartow County Fair, commences at Cartersville, Oct. 4.

North Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical Association, commences at Dalton, Ga., Oct. 5.

Cherokee Country Fair, Rome, Ga., commences Oct. 11.

Georgia State Fair, commences at Atlanta, October 19.

Cotton States Mechanic and Agricultural Association, commences at Augusta, October 25.

Industrial Association commences at Columbus, Nov. 1.

Come and see us! You shall be welcome! You can obtain excursion tickets to the Lookout Mountain, and you can visit all at one trip, at little expense, and see the great resources of our country and the great inducements to settlers.

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Any Information Given by Addressing the Undersigned.

I propose to Exhibit at the Atlanta Georgia State Fair, for Premiums and Sale, the largest and best assortment of American Wines ever offered in the South, and have secured the exclusive sale of wines on the Fair Grounds.

All orders promptly attended to.

A. C. COOK,

Agricultural Agent for several valuable patents.
Covington, Ga., July 1, 1870.

KERNWOOD;

OR,

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A Historical Romance of the War.

ONE VOLUME 12mo, 390pp., handsomely bound.

TESTIMONIALS.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 9, 1866.

Mrs. A. M. MEEKER is by us cheerfully recommended for the patronage of our people in her present enterprise. The conduct and character of Mrs. Mecker as an "Angel of Mercy" to our sick soldiers during their struggle for independence, as shown by the testimonials of Gens. Hood, Baker, Duke, and others, make it a duty of pleasure to us to introduce Mrs. Mecker to our friends.

Yours,

S R ANDERSON,

B F CHEATHAM,

G P SMITH,

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N B PEARCE,

JOHN S WILLIAMS,

N B FORREST,

ALBERT PIKE,

R M LITTLE,

JOHN CHESTER,

B R JOHNSON.

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., May 3, 1866.

I know nothing of Mrs. Mecker personally, but from her reputation, and from the names of the well-known gentlemen to the foregoing certificate, I take pleasure in recommending her to the kind consideration of our people.

J B PALMER.

JACKSON, Tenn., August 6, 1866.

I most cordially endorse the foregoing statement of General Palmer, and recommend her to the kind consideration of all of our friends.

ALEX. W. CAMPBELL.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The *Atlanta Constitution*, June 3, 1870, says: "KERNWOOD; or, After Many Days," is a late publication by Mrs. A. M. Meeker, formerly of Atlanta. It is a tale of the late war, written with ability and life, and is very interesting. Its style is excellent and displays very considerable knowledge of nature. We take pleasure in recommending it to our readers. Mrs. M. has another work ready for publication called *Castle Malone* which Bonner would do well to purchase for his Ledger. She returns to Atlanta to find her lot houseless through the favor of Sherman."

From the Louisville Journal, January 23, 1868.

We have had time only for a casual glance at "Kernwood;" but that has assured us that the author possesses a deep insight into human character, and a pen fitted for the portrayal of thrilling and graphic pictures drawn from nature and from the events of human life. It evinces intellect and taste and rare command of language, and he who peruses it will be handsomely rewarded for his trouble. We bespeak for the work a liberal patronage from the enlightened and generous people of our native State, who are never wanting, we know, in a readiness to encourage genius, and help forward those who are contending against fate and for honorable distinction in the walks of literature and science.

From the Louisville Courier, January 23, 1868.

Mrs A Meeker's historical romance, "Kernwood; or, After Many Days," has just been issued from the press of John P. Morton & Co., and is, we understand, meeting with rapid sale. The character of the book our readers are familiar with from the liberal extracts from it which we have already published. It is a volume of 390 pages, and is got up in elegant style and printed on the best and whitest paper. As a specimen of typography it does credit to the publisher and could not be excelled by any publishing house in New York.

From the Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman, January 25, 1868.

Mrs. A M Meeker, whose name is so well known from her connection with the late war, completed the publication of her book entitled "Kernwood; or, After Many Days: a historical romance founded on the Events of the late War, from the manuscript of a Confederate Spy." It is from the press of J P Morton & Co., and is a most creditable specimen of both printing and binding. We have not read it yet, but the Louisville Journal speaks favorably of it.



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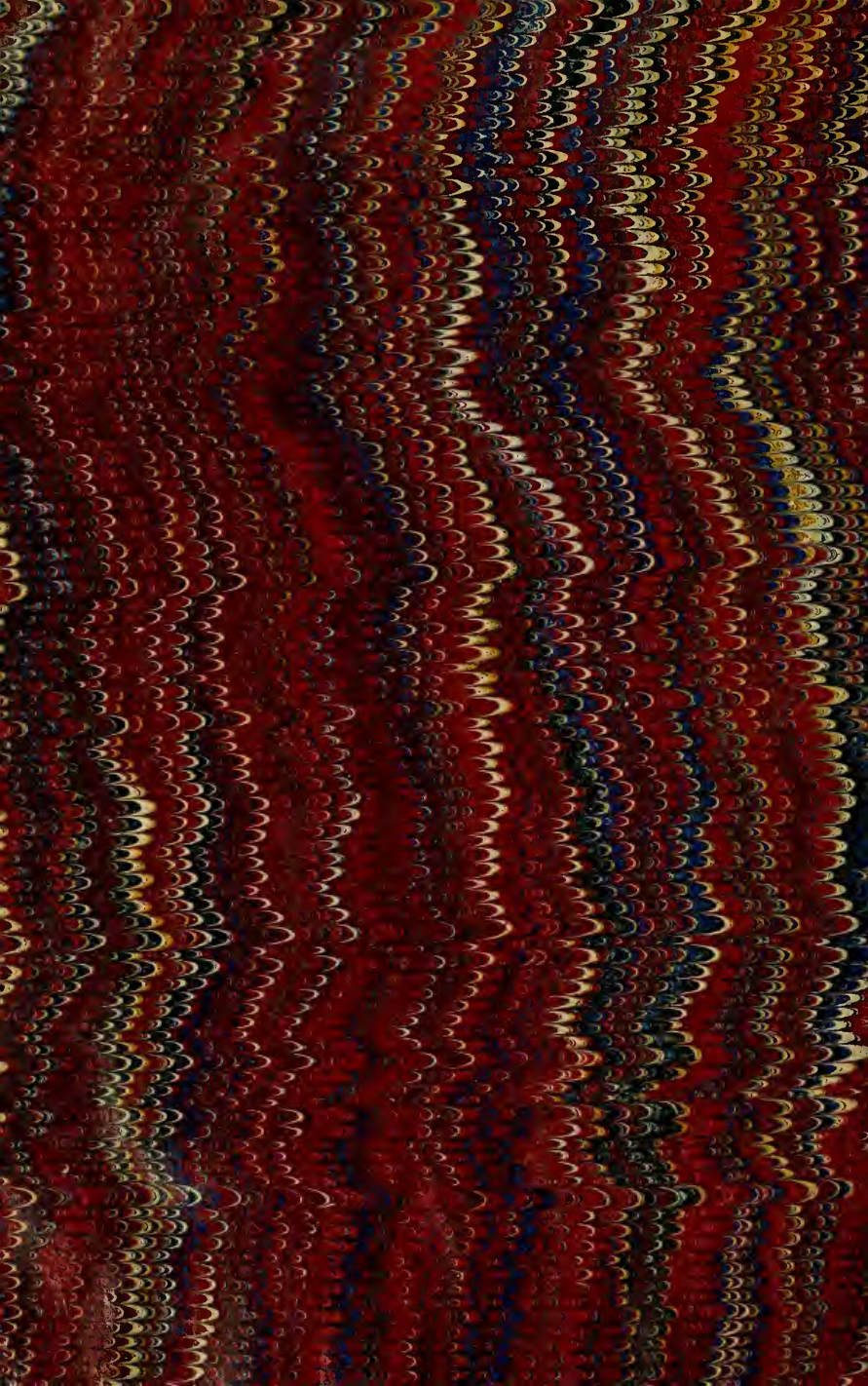
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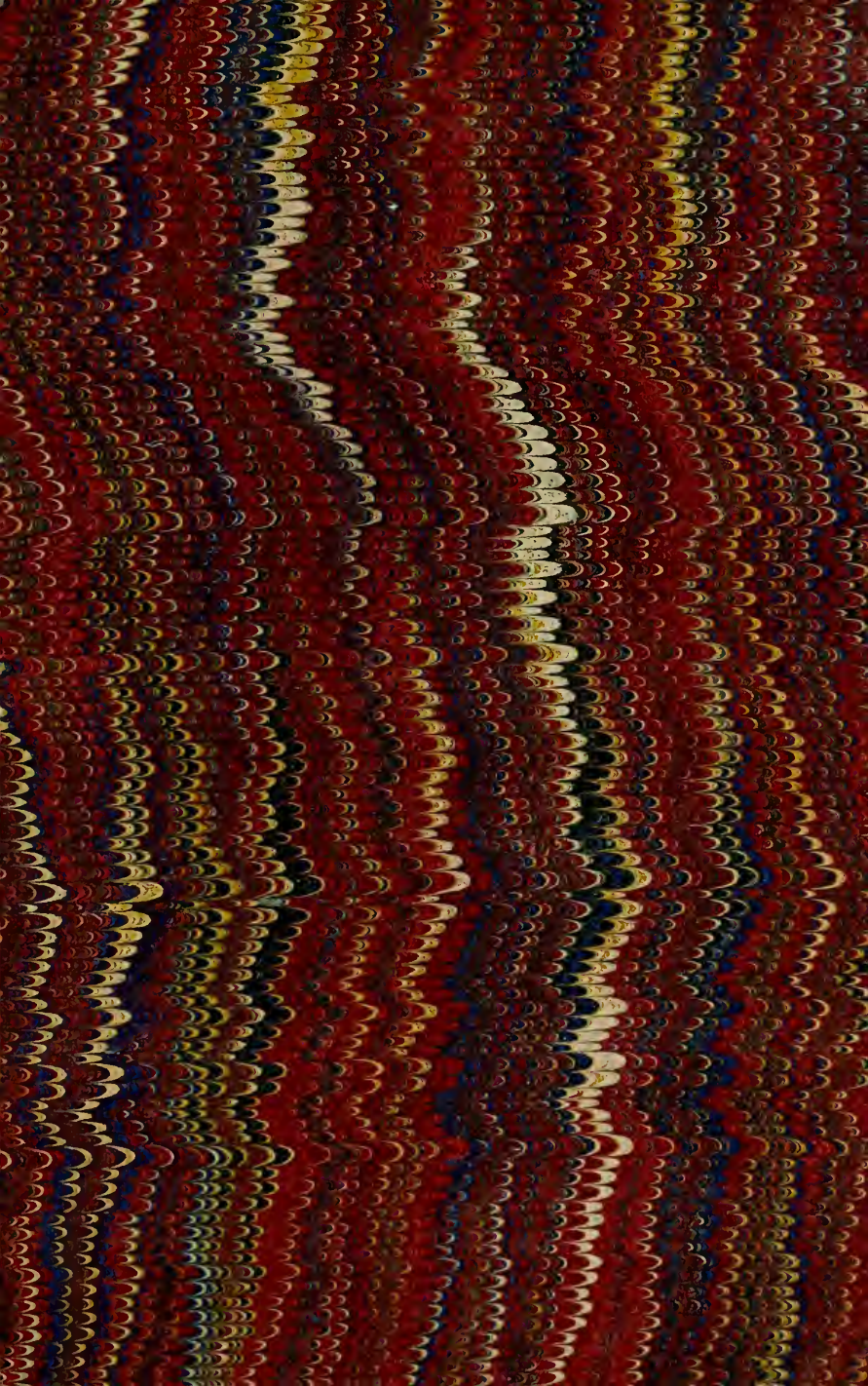
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